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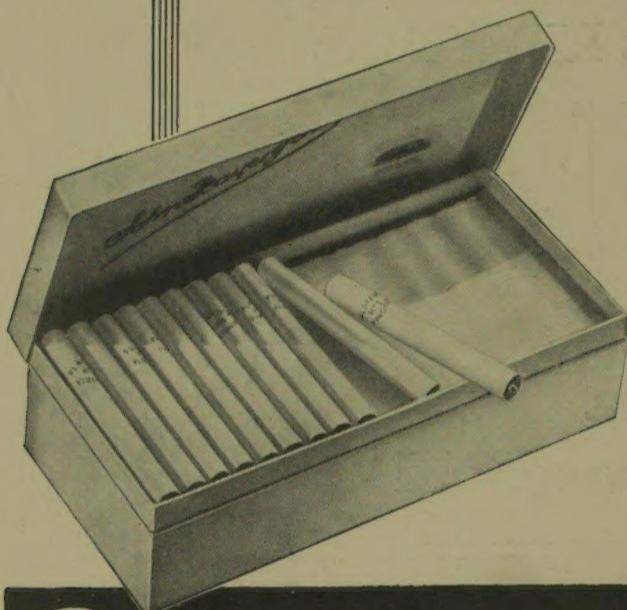
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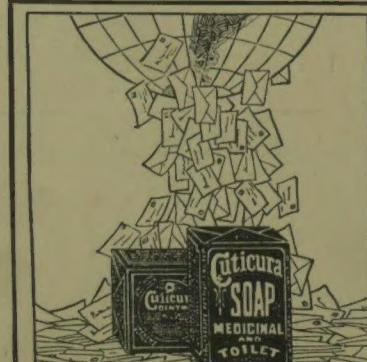
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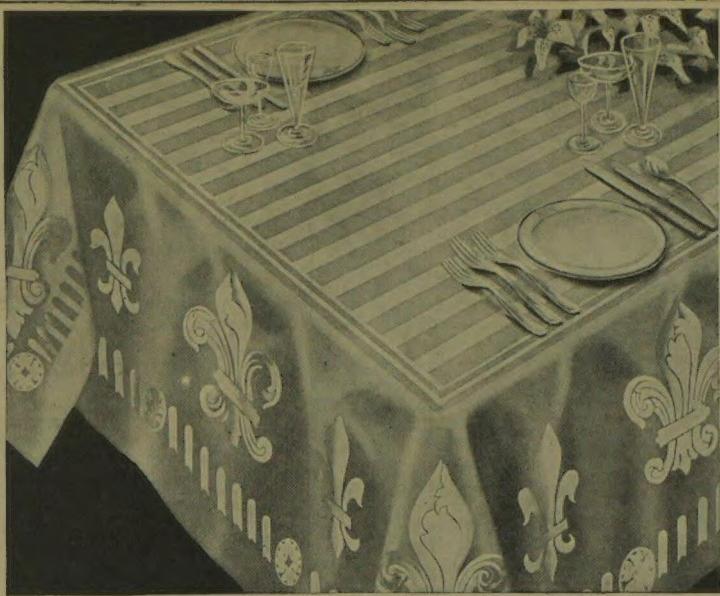
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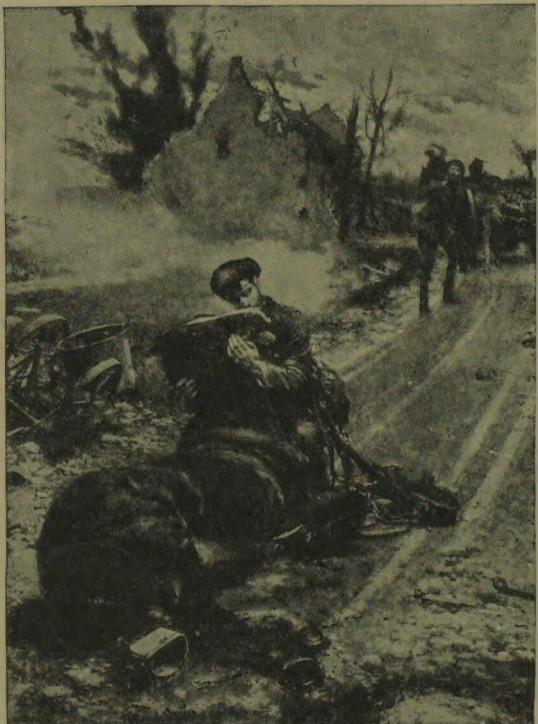
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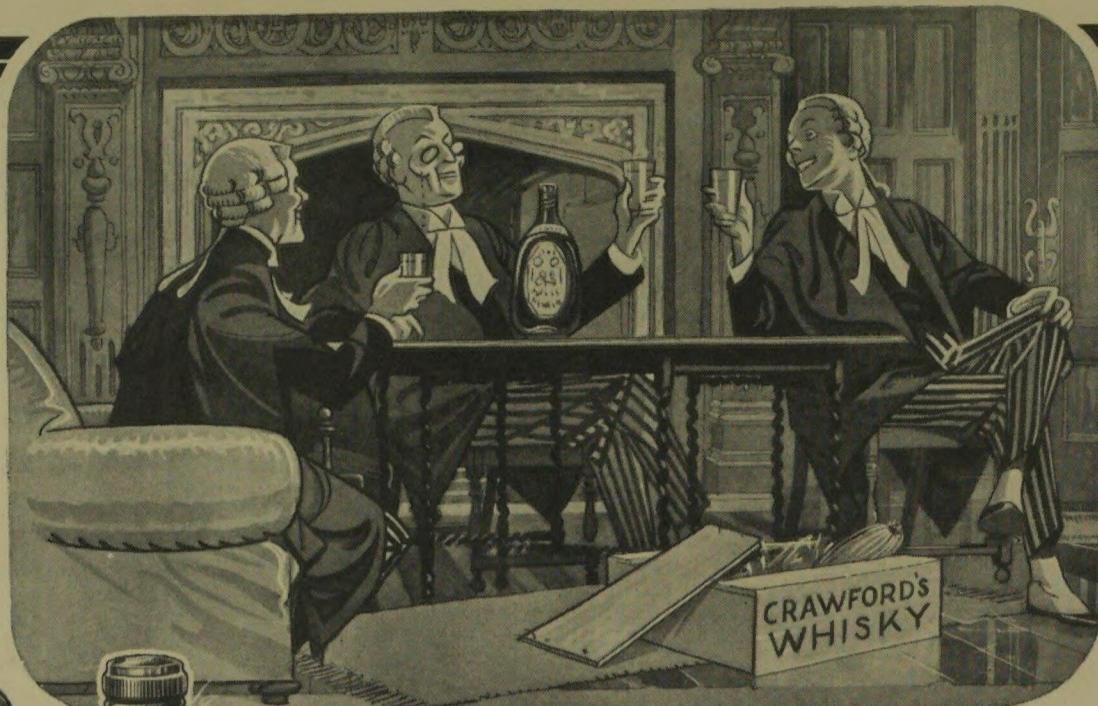
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A Pretty Magyar line is illustrated in this blouse of suède crêpe with a large satin spot; delightfully finished with kiltings. In ivory, primrose and tilleul 98/6

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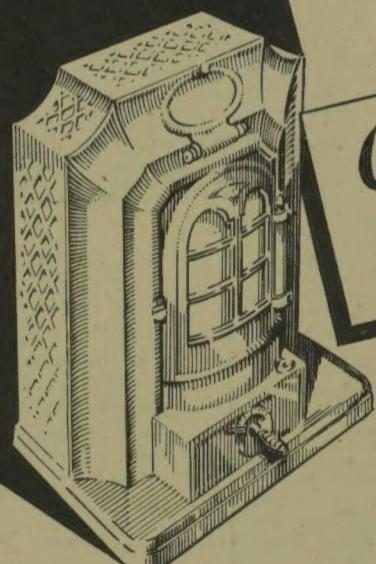
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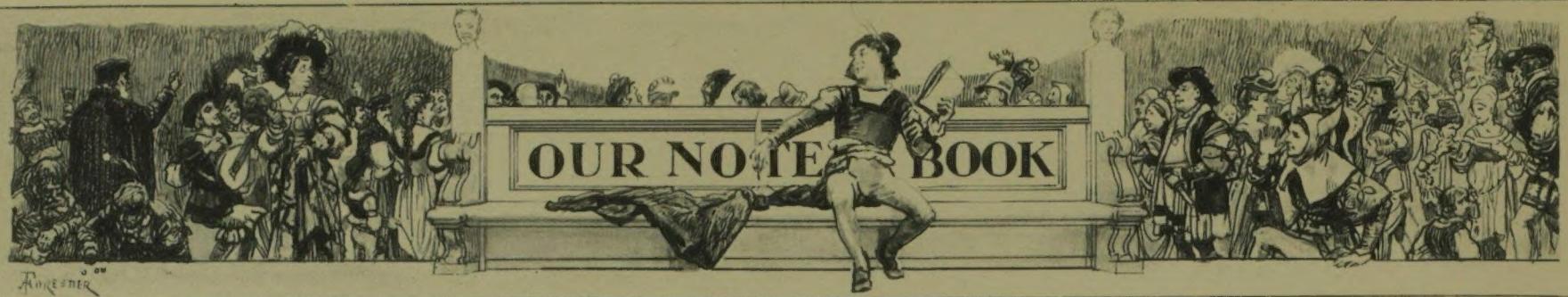
SATURDAY. NOVEMBER 12, 1932.



TO BE THE THIRTY-SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,  
THE SUCCESSFUL DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

The Presidential elections in the United States resulted in a sweeping majority for Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the Democrat, over the Republican candidate, Mr. Hoover, the present President. The new President will take office next March. In the last seventy-two years there have been only two Democratic Presidents—Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt is a fifth cousin of his famous namesake, Theodore Roosevelt, and married a

relative of the latter. Mr. Franklin Roosevelt began his own career as a lawyer and later was elected to the New York State Legislature. During the war he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and in 1920 was Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but was defeated. He became Governor of New York State in 1928, and was re-elected in 1930. Another portrait of him appears on "Our Notebook" page, with his chief opponent, President Hoover.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is easy to miss the point of certain modern quarrels, in which I have occasionally intervened ; quarrels about things that are labelled Ancient and Modern, like the hymns. Or perhaps, in the case of some of the things, not very like the hymns. Anyhow, the point of the position is this. The real objection to certain novelties is not novelty. It is something that most people do not very much associate with novelty ; something which might rather be called narrowness. It is something that fixes its mind on a fashion, until it forgets that it is a fashion. Novelty of this sort narrows the mind, not only by forgetting the past, but also by forgetting the future. There is a certain natural relief and refreshment in altering things, but a wise man will remember that the things that can be altered will be altered again. There is a certain type of Modernist who manages to accept a thing at the same time as fashionable and as final. Indeed, there is a fine shade of difference between something new and something fresh. The former word may be used of something like the New Testament, which is new for ever. But the idea of Something Fresh belongs rather to the exhilarating but less stable world of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse.

We pick up a novelty as we pick up a novel ; because we think we shall enjoy it, especially if it is a novel by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. But these things are fresh as the flowers of spring are fresh ; that is, they are delightful when they come ; but we do not disguise from ourselves that they will eventually go. Now, it seems to me that much of the modern mind is narrowed by seeing something sacred in the mode or mood of the moment. Thus critics are not content to say that they are not in the mood for Wordsworth or for Tennyson ; they talk as if Wordsworth had become worthless, intrinsically and finally worthless, because of the appearance of the stark and ruthless Mr. Binks, who does happen to answer at the moment to their mood, and perhaps to the mood of the world.

Thus a younger generation, which is now rapidly becoming an older generation, revolted against the Victorian poets, with a sort of illogical logic in their minds ; to the effect that they could not really have been poets because they were Victorians. They were not content to say, what is perfectly reasonable, that they were tired of Tennyson. They tried to imply, what is something totally different, that Tennyson is always tiresome. But as between the man who is alleged to be tiresome and the man who is admitted to be tired, there is always the possible inference that he is too tired to enjoy anything. I am not a special worshipper either of Wordsworth or Tennyson ; the point is that such merits as they have are unaffected by the accidental nervous fatigue of somebody else. Mr. Binks also will some day be a venerable and traditional figure looming out of

the past. He also will gain, by respectability and repetition, the formidable power of fatiguing people, and new generations shall rise up and call him tiresome. But surely we cannot admit for a moment that the brilliant—nay, blazing—qualities of Mr. Binks, his stabbing actuality, his subversive subconscious attack, his instant vortical violence, his cold incandescence of intellectuality, his death-ray of blank hiatus, his dynamite explosion of dots . . . surely we cannot admit for a moment that our own Mr. Binks is worthless, or ever will be worthless, merely because the world will probably pass into some other emotional atmosphere, to which his terrific talents will be less suited ; in which his unique type of truth will be less seen ; or in which his dazzling but concentrated spotlight will be less on the spot.

Yet these tides and times of mood and fashion are moving even as we talk about them. I have already seen here and there notes written by a new generation, newer than the generation that was tired

sort of imagery. I do not call any man free unless he can walk backwards as well as forwards. I do not call any man broadminded unless he can include minds that are different from his own normal mind, let alone moods that are different from his own momentary mood. And I do not call any man bold or strong or possessed of stabbing realism or startling actuality unless he is strong enough to resist the merely neurotic effects of his own fatigue, and still see things more or less as they are ; big mountains as big, and great poets as great, and remarkable acts and achievements as remarkable, even if other people are bored with them, or even if he is bored with them himself. The preservation of proportion in the mind is the only thing that keeps a man from narrow-mindedness. And a man can preserve the proportion of great things in his mind, even if they do not happen at a particular moment to be tickling his senses or exciting his nerves. Therefore I do not mind the man adoring novelties, but I do object to his adoring novelty. I object to this sort of concentration on the immortal instant, because it narrows the mind, just as gazing at a minute object, coming nearer and nearer, narrows the vision.

What is wanted is the truly godlike imagination which makes all things new, because all things have been new. That would really be something like a new power of the mind. But the modern version of broadening the mind has very little to do with broadening the powers of the mind. It would be a great gift of historical imagination to be able to see everything that has happened as if it were just happening, or just about to happen. This is quite as true of literary as of political history. For literary history is full of revolutions, and we do not realise them unless we realise them as revolutionary. To admire Wordsworth merely as an antiquity is stupid, and to despise Wordsworth as an antiquity is worse than stupid ; it is silly. But to admire Wordsworth as a novelty—that would be a real vision and



THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES : MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.



THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES : MR. HERBERT CLARK HOOVER, PRESIDENT SINCE 1929.

November 8 was the date fixed for the elections in the United States deciding who will be the next President after March 4. The struggle, fought mainly on the economic question, lay between President Hoover, the Republican in office, and Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic candidate. Both toured the country in vigorous electioneering campaigns. During one trip President Hoover was reported to have made twenty-three speeches in 15 hours. Mr. Roosevelt, though lame, was equally tireless, and gave proof of abounding vitality. He and his wife can both claim kinship with the late Theodore Roosevelt. He is a lawyer. In his speeches he said little about foreign policy, but regarding home trade undertook to look after "the small man" and prevent exploitation by "corporations" and "manipulators." He also stood for the repeal of Prohibition. President Hoover committed his party to high protective tariffs. Mr. Hoover is a self-made man. He was born at a small town in Iowa, the son of a blacksmith, and was left an orphan at seven, but worked his way through college and became an engineer. During the Great War he organised relief work in Belgium. In President Harding's time he was Minister of Commerce.

of Tennyson. I have seen critics beginning once more to praise Tennyson and, strangely enough, to show a most extraordinary contempt for Swinburne. I do not complain of the change to admiration ; I do not even complain of the change to contempt. What I complain of is the shallowness of people who only do things for a change, and then actually talk as if the change were unchangeable. That is the weakness of a purely progressive theory, in literature as in science. The very latest opinion is always infallibly right and always inevitably wrong. It is right because a new generation of young people are tired of things, and wrong because another generation of young people will be tired of them.

I do not call any man imaginative unless he can imagine something different from his own favourite

re-creation of the past. For it is a solid fact, if any fact be solid, that nearly all the young who were most alert and alive, and eager for a sort of revolutionary refreshment, men like Lamb and Hazlitt and the rest, did feel something in the first fresh gust of the new naturalism ; something even in the very baldness and crudity of Wordsworth's rural poetry, which made them feel that he had flung open the gates of freedom more widely than the French Revolution. I do not think it will be any injustice to Mr. Binks (always supposing we give him also his proper welcome when he arrives) if we try to understand some of those feelings of our fathers about their favourite authors, and so learn to see those authors as they really ought to be seen. For poets are not stale ; it is only critics who are stale ; often excusably enough, but even then they need not brag of their own staleness.

# A BATTLEFIELD MADE HOLY GROUND: PASSCHENDAELE THEN AND NOW.



THE LARGEST BRITISH WAR CEMETERY IN THE WORLD LAID OUT ON THE BATTLEFIELD WHOSE WAR-TIME ASPECT IS ILLUSTRATED BELOW: PART OF THE GREAT TYNE COT CEMETERY AT PASSCHENDAELE, WHERE NEARLY 12,000 SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE HAVE BEEN LAID TO REST.

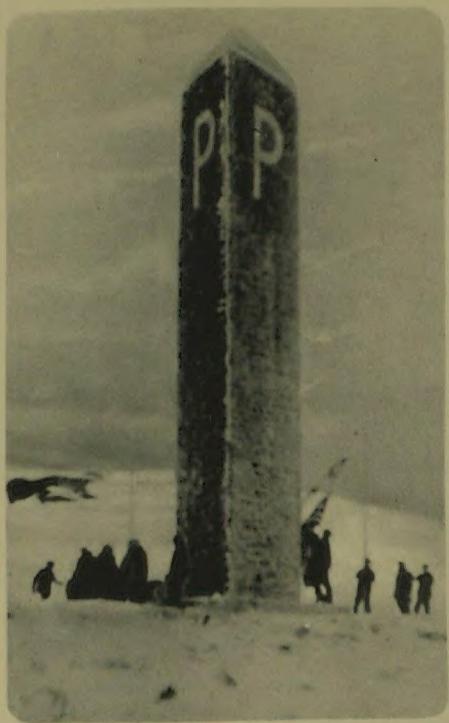


THEN THE SCENE OF "THE MOST DESPERATE OFFENSIVE FIGHTING OF THE BRITISH ARMIES IN BELGIUM": TYPICAL INCIDENTS, DURING THE WAR, ON THE BATTLEFIELD THAT NOW FORMS THE SITE OF THE TYNE COT CEMETERY AT PASSCHENDAELE, ILLUSTRATED ABOVE.

How a great battlefield, with all its havoc and desolation, has been converted into holy ground is shown, in poignant contrast, by comparing the illustration at the top with the four below it. In the Registers of the Imperial War Graves Commission we read: "The Tyne Cot Memorial . . . between Passchendaele and Zonnebeke, stands on ground where now, among the ferro-concrete machine-gun shelters which still stand in the cemetery, nearly 12,000 soldiers of the Empire

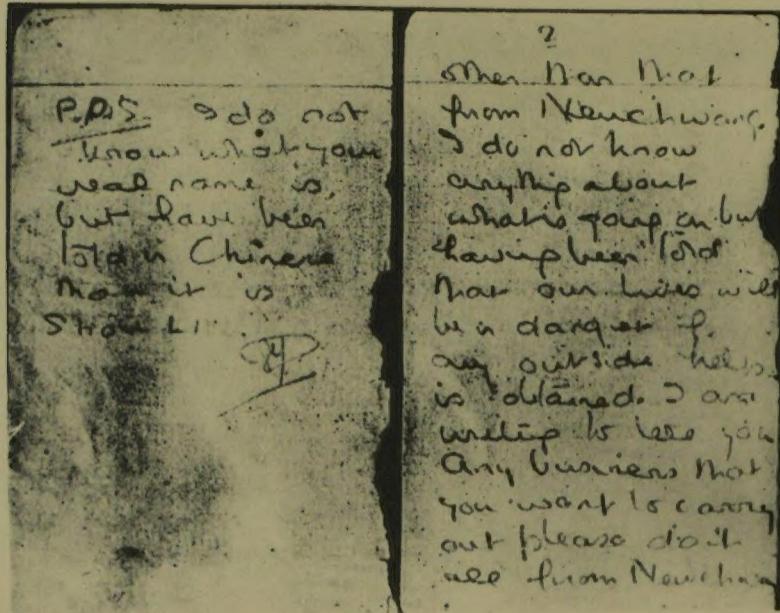
have been laid to rest. . . . It represents the most desperate offensive fighting of the British Armies in Belgium, as Ypres represents their most stubborn resistance. . . . Passchendaele is a village and commune in West Flanders, midway between Ypres and Roulers; and 'Tyne Cot,' or 'Tyne Cottage,' was the name given by the Army to a barn. . . . The cemetery was enlarged after the Armistice. . . . It is now the largest British War Cemetery in the world."

## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK : NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A MONUMENT TO AN ARCTIC HERO : THE PEARY MEMORIAL IN GREENLAND.

The Morrissey Expedition recently erected and dedicated this monument, sixty feet high, to Admiral Peary, "the first to lead a party of his fellow men to a pole of the earth." It stands 1500 feet above sea-level on the summit of Cape York, Greenland. Great difficulties were overcome in the month's task of erecting the native stone shaft.



MRS. PAWLEY'S CORRESPONDENCE IN CAPTIVITY : PART OF A LETTER WHICH SHE WROTE TO THE JAPANESE, KOBAYASHI.

This letter was written by Mrs. Pawley during her captivity in the hands of Manchurian bandits. It was dated October 8 and addressed to Kobayashi, a Japanese official who took part in the negotiations which led to the release. On the left is written: "P.P.S.—I do not know what your real name is, but have been told in Chinese that it is Shou Lin." Mrs. Pawley it may be recalled, was, with her companion, Mr. Charles Corkran, released on payment of ransom on October 20, after being held captive since September 7.



THE OPENING OF THE FORO MUSSOLINI : THE GIGANTIC MONOLITH OF CARRARA MARBLE.

On the afternoon of November 4 the new Foro Mussolini—a huge Fascist Sports Ground—was officially opened. The ceremony was a great feature of this year's Armistice celebrations. Beside the main entrance to the Forum stands this monolith. The whole column is 110 feet high, and the monolith, nearly half the total height, weighs about 300 tons.



THE TERCENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS : THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN SPEAKING AT THE SPOT WHERE THE HERO FELL IN BATTLE AT LÜTZEN.

The three-hundredth anniversary of the death of King Gustavus Adolphus, who was killed in the Thirty Years' War, was celebrated at Stockholm on November 6, where a wreath was laid on the sarcophagus by officers of the Royal Scots representing Great Britain. At Lützen, near Leipzig, where the hero-king fell in battle, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden attended a ceremony held at the monument erected in his honour.

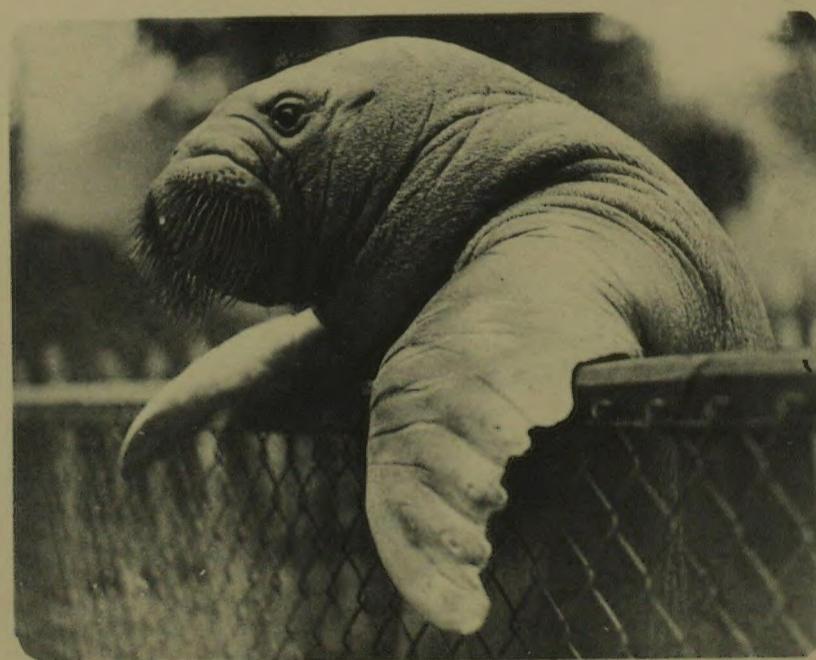


THE PRINCE OF WALES AS FIRST MASTER OF THE HONOURABLE COMPANY OF MASTER MARINERS : THE FORMATION OF A NEW CITY COMPANY AT THE MANSION HOUSE. On November 2 the Prince of Wales visited the Mansion House to receive from the Lord Mayor of London the Grant of Livery to the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, of which he is the first Master. It is over two centuries since a new City Company was formed. The Freemen of the Company must be master mariners of the highest qualifications. The Lord Mayor is seen in the photograph to the right of his Royal Highness.



THE RETURN OF THE UNEMPLOYED "MARCHERS" BY TRAIN : MOUNTED POLICE AT EUSTON, WHENCE SOME OF THE NORTHERN CONTINGENTS LEFT FOR HOME.

A special train was run from Euston on November 5 to take home seven hundred of the "marchers" to Lancashire and Scotland. A dozen mounted police and many more on foot were on duty at the station, but there was no disorder of any kind. Practically all the 2000 who marched to London, with the exception of invalids and those under arrest, had left by train by the end of Saturday.



THE DEATH OF A "ZOO" FAVOURITE : ANDY THE WALRUS, CALLED "OLD BILL" FROM HIS RESEMBLANCE TO THE HERO OF CAPTAIN BAIRNSFATHER'S CARTOONS.

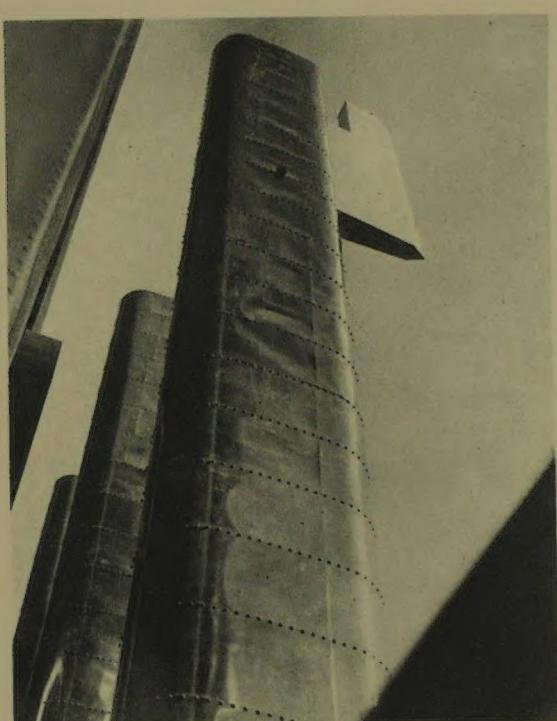
On November 7 occurred the lamented death of Andy, the "Zoo" walrus, whose loss will be deplored by thousands who knew his affable nature. Andy was brought to London from the Arctic about two years ago aboard a whaler. His loss will save the Society a heavy food bill, since he ate about 40 lb. of fish a day; and if he had lived to maturity it is said that his upkeep would have cost over £500 a year.

## THE FASCIST DECENARY IN ROME: FURTHER CELEBRATIONS— COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS; AND A HIGHLY MODERN EXHIBITION.

STAMPS COURTEOUSLY LENT BY MESSRS. STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, STRAND.



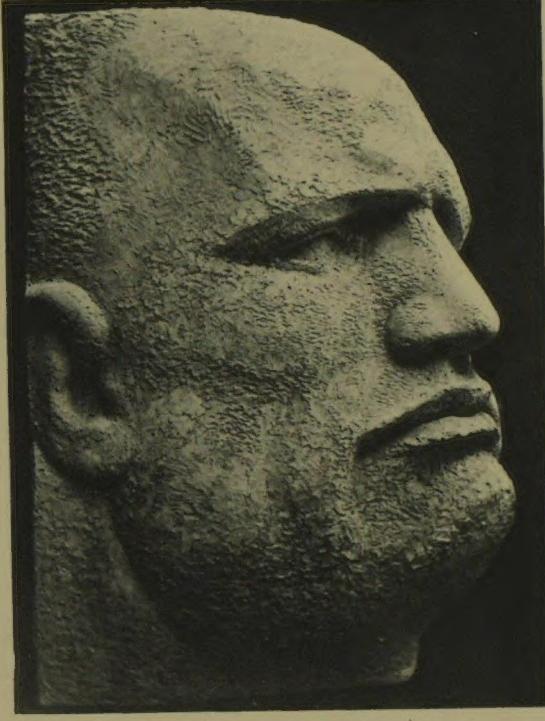
A SPECIAL ISSUE OF NEW ITALIAN POSTAGE STAMPS TO COMMEMORATE THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HISTORIC "MARCH ON ROME": A PHILATELIC TRIBUTE TO FASCISM, EACH STAMP BEARING A DIFFERENT DESIGN SYMBOLISING SOME PARTICULAR PHASE OF FASCIST ACTIVITY, INCLUDING THE DEVELOPMENT OF SHIPPING, AGRICULTURE, AND AVIATION, THE SUPPORT OF THE CHURCH, AND THE PROMOTION OF ARCHAEOLOGY. (STAMPS HERE SHOWN SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN SIZE.)



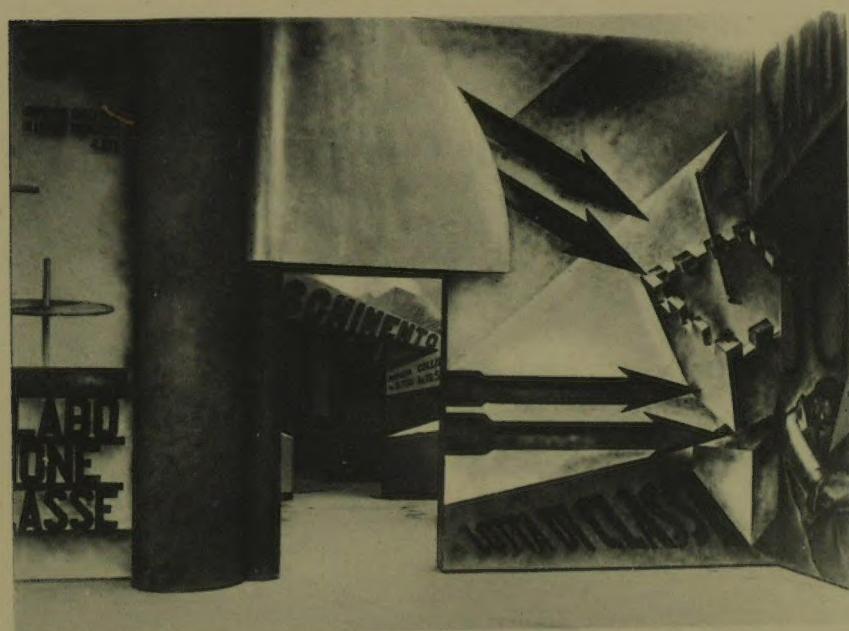
SYMBOLS OF FASCISM IN COLOSSAL FORM: HUGE FASCES (LICTOR'S RODS) OF ALUMINIUM AND COBALT ON THE FAÇADE OF THE FASCIST EXHIBITION.



THE ORIGIN OF "BLACKSHIRTS": A HISTORIC TIE WORN BY THE PATRIOT, P. F. CALVI—THE BADGE OF THE ARDITI, CHANGED BY THE FASCISTS TO A BLACK SHIRT.



A STRIKING PORTRAIT OF IL DUCE IN SCULPTURE: A HEAD OF MUSSOLINI ADORNING ONE OF THE HALLS OF THE FASCIST EXHIBITION.



A "VORTICIST" STYLE OF DESIGN IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE FASCIST REVOLUTION: A HALL WITH A "FOURTH DIMENSIONAL ATMOSPHERE," AND INSCRIPTIONS TENDING TO THE ABOLITION OF CLASS WARFARE.



MODERNISM IN THE FASCIST EXHIBITION: THE HALL OF "1914," WITH SYMBOLIC MARCHING FEET, A LABOURER (LEFT) CRUSHED BENEATH VOLUMES OF KARL MARX, ENGELS, AND LASALLE, AND (TOP RIGHT) A BRITISH FLAG.

We show here further phases of the celebrations in Rome (illustrated also in our last issue) on the tenth anniversary of Fascism. At the top are twenty examples of a special issue of Italian postage stamps, with interesting designs. Regarding the Exhibition of the Fascist Revolution, a Rome correspondent writes: "It is a weird, complex, yet admirably ordered accumulation of newspaper articles, life-size cardboard figures in relief, maps, photographs, autographed documents of Mussolini and d'Annunzio, and symbols of the Fascist idea. . . . The revolt against the colourless architecture of the years just preceding the Fascist era

is expressed in the façade of the Exhibition building, formerly one of the most banal in the city. Its transformation, in which leading artists and architects have collaborated, is in itself a revolution. Four huge metal fasces (or groups of lictor's rods), in aluminium and cobalt, rise from the entrance steps to the top of the Pompeian red façade. The entrance is through a long, narrow metal-walled passage, from which the several sections open, after the manner of pages in a book, beginning with documents illustrating the outbreak of the war and running the whole gamut of the works of Fascism."

# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE GENTLE ART OF MR. CYRIL MAUDE.—THE LONSDALE MANNER.

A admirer unnamed sent to Mr. Cyril Maude on his reappearance after twenty-five years at his old home, the Haymarket, the following greeting: "Welcome home, you evergreen harbinger of joy." It was what the French call the word of the situation. If ever a man has preserved his youth, if ever a man deserves the jolly appellation of harbinger of joy, it is this youthful veteran who, at three score and ten, looks not a day older than fifty, and who disports himself on the stage with the gusto of the traditional sandboy. Not long ago, before his actual homecoming to the stage, we saw him on the screen—exactly a quarter of a century after his retirement—and even then, although photography cannot entirely reincarnate flesh and blood, we felt that from his artificial effigy there exhaled a peculiar power of vitality, mainly provoked by the perfect *bonhomie* of his features and the irresistible charm of his smile—a smile that seemed to embrace the whole world in its beatitude. And when, the other day, he made his salaam as the grumpy, fussy, good-natured old Admiral at the Haymarket—in a play which was, alas! not worthy of his talent and the rest of the excellent cast, such as Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Owen Nares—we came at once under the same spell. If the character was sheer cliché, it became alive in his hands; soon it seemed to carry the whole action, although it was but a collateral one; more than that, everyone to whom I spoke agreed with me that this impersonation, so superficial in structure and inwardness, would live, would ever dwell in memory along with Grumpy and the skipper in "Beauty and the Barge"—to pick out the two most famous impersonations from a record that covers in the "Theatrical Who's Who" three close pages—a stupendous achievement. As the play was laboriously evolving, and between stretches of vacuity and dialogue that hardly mattered, there was plenty of opportunity to reflect and to examine whence came this strange, this almost unique predominance of an artist who, unlike others, has never pushed himself into the foreground, has rarely over-acted, has—often unaided by the playwright—endowed his characters with qualities of penetration that in the manuscript they never possessed. In fact, Mr. Maude, particularly in his old men's studies, strives and succeeds in creating the characters not merely in outline, but in everything, every manner and mannerism pertaining to their age and position in life. His portraits are full of verve, and so quivering with the joy of living that we seem to recognise them as old acquaintances, that they stand for a prototype (which is something else than mere type) of the assumed character. If Mr. W. W. Jacobs has coined—it is the right word—the skipper in "Beauty and the Barge," it is Mr. Cyril Maude who has raised him into such actuality as responds to our own imagination. The same applies to "Grumpy." He lives in our minds as the one figure who crystallises in his entity all the old grumble-pots that have crossed our path.

To revert to his latest appearance—why did the Admiral in "Once a Husband" after the very first words appeal to our sense of humour and our appreciation of reality? Because Mr. Maude, without effort, conjured up before our eyes any old Admiral as we may have seen him in life, or as we may have found him in books. That gait, half-gouty, half-reminiscent of everlasting deck walks; that smile breaking through grumbles and canankerous, critical remarks; that manner as blusterous and boisterous as roused by a keen sou'-wester on the deep; that goodness at heart bubbling up from an irascible temper, just as the late Jack Fisher could suddenly alternate a curse with a cajoling word—all that was so real, so natural, so full of acute observation that it turned a figure of fiction into reality. It is this felicitous histrionic power which is the secret of Mr. Maude's success with the public, a success so marked that at the Haymarket the general

feeling prevailed that he had never been away from his daily routine, that his reappearance was a first night just like any other—merely the production of a new play with an old favourite at the helm.

Mr. Maude's complete merging of his own personality into the character he creates—yet retaining enough of what is his own, particularly his delightful nonchalance—is a model to the younger generation. For his diction is always flawless and heard in every part of the house, and, despite his tacit intimacy with his audience, his amalgamation with his part is complete beyond the bounds of make-believe.

The average London playgoer goes to a Lonsdale *première* in the spirit of a *gourmet* attending a banquet. He is looking forward to oysters, champagne, and a bouquet of liqueurs, and, as a rule, he gets them. Mr. Lonsdale, who, after a few years at the cinema, returns to his old love at the Phoenix, is our premier *comédie-de-salon* writer. He likes to move about among the upper ten or the epicures of the bourgeoisie. He hits them off (and

the air of a man of the world, with caustic remarks anent their peculiarities, foibles, and inclinations. We are to be familiarised with people who apparently are top-hole and top-notch. But as they file in one after another, we soon discover that their veneer is merely on the surface, that their manners between themselves are no better, perhaps worse, than those of the bourgeoisie, that they indulge in rudeness and things with two meanings—or else with none (as Pinero once put it); in fact, that, despite their titles, they are a shoddy lot feasting at the expense of the American Mrs. Leo Hunter who entertains them. Yet, for all their vulgarity, or because of it, they are vastly amusing—perhaps because we chuckle at the exposure of our (so-called) betters.

Mr. Lonsdale is a master of glamorous verbal invention and glittering repartee. He shares with Mr. W. Somerset Maugham the premier place as a histrionic master pyrotechnist; save that Mr. Maugham is more mordant and contemptuous, while Mr. Lonsdale is more in the mood of a youngster guying people who "tickle him to death" without malice aforethought. Mr. Maugham often hurts, Mr. Lonsdale merely teases. We feel that he is fond of the people whom he ridicules. He wishes to exhibit, not to expose, them. And so for a whole act we are enjoying a flippant, lightsome, coruscating



"SERVICE," AT WYNDHAM'S: CAROLINE (ANN TODD) STORMS AGAINST HER SELFISH STEPMOTHER, ISOBEL (JOYCE KENNEDY, LEFT), WHILE GABRIEL SERVICE, THE MASTER OF THE FIRM (LESLIE BANKS), TRIES TO KEEP THE PEACE.

"Service" is the work of C. L. Anthony (in reality, Miss Dodie Smith), the author of "Autumn Crocus." The story revolves round the long-established wholesale firm of Service and Gabriel. Business, run on somewhat conservative lines, is going from bad to worse. Bankruptcy stares Service in the face, and to avoid it he is about to sell the concern to a powerful competitor—as it happens, on the very day when his second wife has run away with a young lover. His son, however, full of novel ideas, and his daughter, full of love for him and hatred for her stepmother, rally round him and spur him to go on.

conversation in which *bons mots* whirr through the air like Roman candles and brilliant tirades gyrate like Catherine wheels. Suddenly, as by slight of hand, the whole *milieu* changes. Mr. Lonsdale comes off his farce standard and plunges us into detective drama. We learn that one of the house-party is a crook, and henceforth the whole action shifts from conversational comedy to more melodramatic quarters. It is a difficult, dangerous thing to do, and Mr. Lonsdale knows how to do it in a masterly way. On the one hand, he maintains the pleasing levity of the dialogue; on the other, he intermixes the melodramatic strain with a touch of moralising that is as sudden as it is effective. In the last act there is a conversation between the self-confessed crook and the detective who caught him which is a delicious bit of philosophic sophistry. Both defend their own points of view of life and men; both unfold their own peculiar ethics; both, the captor and the quarry, end up by being good friends and, as it were, brothers in arms. It is the loveliest bit of light comedy I have seen since the days of "The Importance of Being Earnest." It enraptured the audience and it sealed the happy fate of the play, while adding to the laurels of the actors, Messrs. Raymond Massey and Frank Allenby. Yet—and that shows Mr. Lonsdale's mastery of stagecraft—I feel sure that if one examined all these radiating pearls of wisdom dangled before our eyes and ears, one would find that, critically investigated, the string is a most skilful mixture of verbal finery and genuine quality. It is the fine art of the master magician who deceives with his trick while he dazzles and bamboozles our ear by the wit of his patter. An enviable gift, if ever there was one.



"SERVICE," AT WYNDHAM'S: GABRIEL SERVICE, WHO, DURING A LUNCH-HOUR CHAT IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ST. MARY'S-IN-THE-MEADOWS, HAS TOLD HIS OLD CLERK, BENTON (J. H. ROBERTS), OF HIS INTENTION OF SELLING THE STORE, IS SURPRISED BY THE SUDDEN RETURN OF HIS SUPPOSEDLY PLEASURE-LOVING SON, MICHAEL (JACK HAWKINS).

at them) with rare felicity. As soon as the curtain rises we feel in an atmosphere of comfort, easy-going, easy of morals, glib of tongue, and, as in the old days of Oscar Wilde, striving to coin clever things, rude things, equivocal things. Even the butler who opens his latest comedy, "Never Come Back," initiates a new underling as to the guests of the house with

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD BEING GREETED BY SIR GEOFFREY SALMOND AFTER HIS FLIGHT WITH THE O.U.A.S.

On November 3 the Oxford University Air Squadron moved to a new aerodrome at Abingdon. The Vice-Chancellor (the Rev. F. J. Lys) flew in the machine leading the squadron to its new home. He had never flown before, and so took his first flight at the age of sixty-nine. The flight was made in a high wind and in "bumpy" conditions.



SIR JOHN SIMON, SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, AND LORD BIRKENHEAD AT THE UNVEILING OF A BUST OF THE FIRST LORD BIRKENHEAD IN THE OXFORD UNION.

Sir John Simon unveiled a bronze bust of Lord Birkenhead in the Oxford Union's Debating Hall on November 4. Sir John was once Lord Birkenhead's successor in the Presidency of the Union.



THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN  
PHOTOGRAPHED ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden arrived in London on the night of November 7. They were met at Liverpool Street Station by the Dowager Lady Milford Haven, who is the Crown Princess's mother (with whom they stayed at Kensington Palace), and also by the Swedish Minister and the Baroness Palmstierna.



THE LINDBERGH BABY'S NURSE, MISS BETTY GOW, PHOTOGRAPHED ON HER RETURN TO NEW YORK.

The correspondent who sends us the above photograph writes that Miss Betty Gow, the former nurse of the Lindbergh baby who was kidnapped, arrived in New York in October. Miss Gow, he adds, will probably be the nurse of Jon Lindbergh, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh.



THE SHOT GERMAN OPERA SINGER: FRÄULEIN BINDERNAGEL;  
WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILD.

On the evening of October 23 Fräulein Bindernagel was about to leave the Municipal Opera House, Charlottenburg, after singing the part of Brünnhilde in "Siegfried," one of her most famous rôles, when her husband, Capt. Hintze, it is alleged, fired at her with a revolver and then turned it on himself, without success. Fräulein Bindernagel died suddenly on November 3, after having been declared to be out of danger.



THE NEW BISHOP  
OF LINCOLN.  
The Rt. Rev. F. C. N. Hicks (Bishop of Gibraltar), whose translation to the see of Lincoln, vacant by the resignation of the Rt. Rev. W. S. Swayne, is announced. Bishop of Gibraltar since 1927; before that, Vicar of Brighton



LORD CULLEN.  
Formerly Deputy Governor of the Bank of England (as Mr. Brian Cokayne) during the war, and the Governor from 1918—1920. Died November 3; aged sixty-eight. Elected to represent his firm (Anthony Gibbs and Son) on the Board of the Bank of England, 1902.



MR. COMPTON  
MACKENZIE.

It was reported recently that a summons had been taken out against Mr. Compton Mackenzie, alleging that certain information was divulged in his book, "Greek Memories," contrary to the Official Secrets Act. "Greek Memories," the third of a series of four volumes, has been withdrawn from publication.



THE NEW GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO ST. JAMES'S:  
HERR VON HOESCH PHOTOGRAPHED AT VICTORIA.

The new German Ambassador arrived in London on November 2. He was met at Dover by Count Bernstorff, the Chargé d'Affaires, and at Victoria by Mr. J. B. Monck, on behalf of Sir John Simon. Herr von Hoesch became German Ambassador in Paris in 1924.



MISS NELLIGAN, WINNER OF THE FOURTEENTH COMPETITION  
FOR THE ALFRED HUTTON FENCING CUP.

The fourteenth competition for the Alfred Hutton Memorial Challenge Cup was won at Bertrand's Fencing Academy on November 4 by Miss Nelligan, of Salle Bertrand, who was undefeated in the final pool of six. She had seventeen hits made against her. Miss Guinness was second with one defeat and thirteen hits against her, and Max Arbuthnot was third.

## IN GERMANY TO-DAY: "POCKET BATTLE-SHIP"; STRIKE; ABORTIVE ELECTION.



THE FIRST OF GERMANY'S "POCKET BATTLE-SHIPS," THE MOST DISCUSSED OF WAR VESSELS : THE 10,000-TON "DEUTSCHLAND" BEING TOWED TO DRY DOCK AT KIEL FOR COMPLETION. By the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, it was agreed that Germany should not build battle-ships of over 10,000 tons. Keeping to this limit, she has constructed the "Deutschland," which combines the gun-power of a small battleship with the speed of a cruiser. She is the first of four vessels of her class. The second of these is well under-way; the third was laid down on October 1.



THE TRANSPORT STRIKE IN BERLIN, WHICH INVOLVED ALL THE TRAMS, BUSES, AND TUBES IN THE CITY AND WAS ATTENDED BY VIOLENT SCENES : TRAMWAY LINES BARRED BY COMMUNISTS.

A big transport strike began in Berlin on the morning of November 3. Only the State Railways' suburban services carried on as usual. In the afternoon, Herr von Papen, acting in his capacity as Commissary for Prussia, declared the strike illegal and ordered the arrest of pickets. In certain instances, Communist and Nazi organisations acted together, a thing never before known.



AFTER THE RIOTING DURING THE TRANSPORT STRIKE IN BERLIN: POLICE SEARCHING MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC FOR WEAPONS.

On November 4 there were violent scenes in the streets of Berlin. Three men were killed; a considerable number of people were injured; and there were some four hundred arrests. The police used their truncheons freely and shots were fired. Later, the Deputy Commissary for

*[Continued on right.]*



OFFICIAL ENDEAVOURS TO RUN PUBLIC VEHICLES DURING THE TRANSPORT STRIKE IN BERLIN: POLICE CARS GUARDING A TRAM.

Prussia announced that the strike was to be suppressed at all costs, and the police had orders to shoot if resisted. At the same time, it was suggested that Berlin should be put under martial law. Decision was postponed until after the election.



THE FOURTH ALL-GERMAN ELECTION THIS YEAR: HERR VON PAPEN, THE CHANCELLOR, WALKING TO THE POLLING-BOOTH WITH HIS FAMILY.

The second election to the Reichstag within fourteen weeks was held on Sunday, November 6. The poll, as the "Daily Telegraph" recalled, was the fourth all-German election this year. There were the two ballots for the Presidency—in March and April—while on July 31 the Reichstag was elected, only to be dissolved. According to the final figures, the result of the present election is that the Opposition holds 507 seats, as compared with 553 on July 31; while

THE GERMAN PRESIDENT RECORDING HIS VOTE: MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG FILLING IN HIS BALLOT-PAPER AT ONE OF THE SCREENED DESKS.

the Government holds 74, as compared with 55 on July 31. The Opposition includes Hitlerites, Socialists, Communists, Centre, Bavarians, State Party, Hanoverians; the Government includes Nationalists, People's Party, Wine Growers, Economic Party, Christian Socialists, Peasants, Country People. Herr von Papen, the Chancellor, has stated that the Government sees no occasion to depart from the course which it has followed hitherto.

## ROYAL WORSHIPPERS AT THE THANKSGIVING IN LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK (IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND) ATTEND THE GREAT THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE RESTORATION OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL: A VIEW OF THE NAVE DURING THE CEREMONY.

The Duke and Duchess of York, who had stayed the previous night as guests of Lord Yarborough at Brocklesby, attended on November 3 a great thanksgiving service held in Lincoln Cathedral to commemorate the completion of its restoration. On arrival they were welcomed by a peal of the Cathedral bells, and moved in procession to the chairs placed for them in the nave beneath the central tower. Five Bishops took part in the service, and there was a large gathering of Church dignitaries. An interesting figure in the congregation, which numbered over 3000, was Mr. Albert Farwell Bemis, of Boston, Massachusetts, the donor of £20,000 to the restoration fund, and representing many generous Americans, whose contributions totalled about £40,000. The Bishop of Lincoln

(Dr. Swayne), in his address, referred to "the most noble help received from kinsmen in America" and to the gift of £20,000 from the Pilgrim Trust. A great Cathedral like that of Lincoln, he went on to say, was "a national monument, a national possession, and a national achievement"; it was also "a supreme work of art." The Dean (the Very Rev. R. A. Mitchell), in welcoming all present, recalled the devoted efforts of the late Dean Fry and the late Sir Francis Fox (consulting engineer), as well as those of Sir Charles Nicholson (the architect). Before the royal visitors arrived, a procession of the workmen who had been employed on the restoration, headed by the Clerk of the Works (Mr. Robert Godfrey), walked to places of honour in the nave.

In our last issue we gave the first part of Lady Broughton's article describing a recent expedition to the Eastern Congo, during which she took the very remarkable photographs of gorillas in their native haunts reproduced there and in the present number, together with interesting photographs of other wild animals and of natives in that region. The gorilla photographs especially are a triumph of nature photography in difficult and dangerous conditions. As previously noted, the object of the expedition was to obtain material—including specimens of vegetation as well as photographs—for a new habitat group of the Eastern gorilla in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Here follows the second and concluding instalment of Lady Broughton's fascinating narrative.

**N**O thought of disaster entered our minds when one fine morning Mr. Scott left camp early, with his little band of men, to reconnoitre a nearby hill on which gorillas had already been reported. Cameras, films, and plates require constant care and attention in this humid atmosphere, and it was a little time before Colonel Ashton and I were able to follow. On arriving at the appointed place, an indescribable scene met our eyes. Unknown to us, two hundred naked savages, armed to the teeth, had surrounded the hill on which the gorillas had taken refuge. Shouting and yelling, they were hacking down the undergrowth. This proved too much for our little band of men, who rushed to join the fray. We quickly realised to our horror that here was one of the gorilla hunts in which at times the natives indulge, and that unless this frenzied mob was stopped nothing but a massacre of these rare animals could ensue. But how to stop it? The headman seemed helpless; the men would not listen to him. We shouted ourselves hoarse and ran in among these mad savages, hitting out right and left with bamboo staves, and narrowly escaped ourselves being speared in our endeavours to call a halt, but of no avail. Above the yells of the savages could be heard the piteous cries of the frightened gorillas.

Suddenly a gorilla appeared in view, climbing one of the bamboo trees; a spear was thrown, natives surged forward; a few agonising minutes of wild stabbing, and two gorillas lay dead. No words can describe the horror of the scene. Here before us was savage man blinded by blood-lust, all sense of control lost, even spearing each other in their madness. Later we were to learn that five more gorillas had been killed. Attracted by a further commotion, I rushed down the hill and arrived just in time to save the life of a baby gorilla. This poor little mite struggled so fiercely that she had to be tied to a bamboo stick to enable us to carry her. Disgusted and sick at heart, we made our way back to camp. That afternoon we went to Lubero to lay the whole matter before the authorities.

The Game Laws of the Belgian Congo insist that certain animals may not be killed, captured, or kept in

## STALKING THE MOUNTAIN GORILLA WITH THE CAMERA IN ITS NATURAL HAUNTS:

LADY BROUGHTON'S REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BEASTS AND NATIVES IN THE CONGO FORESTS.—II.

Photographs and Article by LADY BROUGHTON. (World Copyright strictly reserved.) (See Illustrations on Pages 758, and 759.)

not to be, however, and a decree went forth that Kibonda, as I called her, should be handed over to the authorities at Lubero. It was a sad morning when a lorry came to take her away. She was a most attractive pet, at first sullen and morose; only the presence of the natives near her cage would galvanize her into active fury, and, springing up, she would give vent to loud cries of rage. From the first she showed us no hostility, and after a little while we completely gained her confidence and could lead her about attached to a long chain. Fresh food was gathered for her daily in the forest, and she eagerly took tit-bits from my hands; mealies she was especially fond of, and we found her appetite prodigious. I was heartbroken when Kibonda was taken away. With us she had every care, and I felt, if left to the tender mercies of the blacks, she would indeed fare badly. For some weeks we heard nothing of her, and then the sad news came that she had died. A post-mortem examination revealed an abscess on one lung, probably caused by a spear-thrust on the day of her capture.

The great difficulties of photography under these conditions had now been thoroughly brought home to us. Time was flying by; our results to date were decidedly poor. Though the chances of photography were few and far between, the study of these rare and interesting animals was of absorbing interest.

Rude platforms of interlaced branches high up in the

but once, are soiled and discarded, and the next night fresh ones are made, often in neighbouring trees. One day drenching storms kept us in camp; but when evening came the rain abated. Leaving camera and rifle at home, we decided to take a stroll before sunset. Judge our surprise when, within a quarter of a mile of our camp, we came upon a female gorilla, high up in a large tree, preparing her bed for the night. Even had a camera been at hand, the light was too dim for a picture. We watched her for some minutes, bending and twisting the branches into shape; suddenly catching sight of us, she gave a loud scream and beat her chest with clenched fists. Fascinated, we watched her, when close to where we were came the deep-throated boom of the "old man's" roar—a terrifying danger signal. We strained our eyes, but nothing could be seen of him through the leafy screen. We waited a moment; another angry bellow even closer, and this time it was we who crept noiselessly away! Dawn next day found us soaked to the skin in the dripping forest, armed with cameras, creeping silently to these same trees; but alas! the gorillas had left during the night.

My ambition to secure a picture of a full-grown male gorilla was to prove unfulfilled. On many occasions success seemed within grasp, but somehow it eluded me. Although far from being a record, the comparison of Akeley's 360-pound specimen with the pugilist Dempsey helps one to visualise the gigantic proportions of the male gorillas.

Height	-	-	Dempsey	-	6 ft. 1 in.
"	-	-	Gorilla	-	5 ft. 7½ in.
Weight	-	-	Dempsey	-	188 lb.
"	-	-	Gorilla	-	360 lb.
Chest	-	-	Dempsey	-	42 in.
"	-	-	Gorilla	-	62 in.

A far larger male gorilla than the above has lately been received by the Royal Natural Museum at Florence. This specimen, which weighed 482 pounds and measured 6 ft. 6 in., was shot by Commander Attilio Gatti in the Tchibinda Forest, West of Lake Kivu.

Both sexes are covered with thick black hair, in the case of the male, becoming grey on the back with age. Their chests are bare, and the large supra-orbital ridges of the male give him a most ferocious appearance.

Two months had now been spent in these mountains. The inclement climate had taken severe toll of our strength. Our Nairobi boys were suffering from malaria and dysentery, and Mr. Scott had been laid low with similar attacks. We, one and all, longed for the warmth and sunshine of the plains. Accordingly, we decided to move southwards to Lake Edward for a few weeks' rest before renewing our acquaintance with the gorillas.

I had taken a number of exposures during all these weeks, but the results were far from satisfactory. It was not until later, after our return to these same mountains, that I had the amazing good fortune to secure the photographs shown here.

One evening, quite unexpectedly, we came upon a spot in the forest where a giant tree lay, the surrounding undergrowth crushed by its fall. In this opening we caught sight of a black arm tearing down stems of bamboo. Hardly believing our good fortune, we crept noiselessly up, and behind a thick screen of branches I placed my camera in position. Breathlessly we waited. From the sounds we heard there was evidently a large band farther ahead of us, but we could see nothing more and we did not dare to approach nearer for fear of frightening the one close by. However, our patience was rewarded, and the band slowly moved towards us, feeding as they came. It was a wonderful opportunity. I worked feverishly, exposing a number of plates in a very few minutes, when suddenly the whole scene was transformed—a young female gorilla close by me evidently heard the noise of my camera-shutter; she shrieked loudly, beating her chest in warning, and in an instant the forest rang with angry cries. Swiftly they vanished. There was no chance of taking the "old man," although we caught a fleeting glimpse of him as he lumbered away.

The road to Lake Edward from our gorilla mountains proved to be a veritable triumph of engineering skill. It led us at first through thickly wooded mountains; but,



A GORILLA BATTUE BY A MOB OF 200 FRENZIED SAVAGES, WHO SLAUGHTERED SEVEN ANIMALS, CONTRARY TO THE BELGIAN CONGO GAME LAWS: ANOTHER INSTANCE OF THE NATIVE MENACE TO RARE FAUNA.

At the beginning of her article herewith, Lady Broughton describes how she and her companions were horrified to find, one day, a native gorilla hunt in progress, and how they narrowly escaped being speared in unavailing attempts to stop it. In defiance of the game laws, the natives killed seven gorillas. Lady Broughton saved a little female gorilla, but, to her great grief, was obliged later to surrender it to the authorities in accordance with regulations.

trees serve as sleeping places for the females and young, whilst the "old man," owing to his weight, contents himself with a rough bed of leaves on the ground, often made in the hollow of a tree-trunk. These nests are used

captivity. The gorilla is numbered among these, but, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, I had hoped that I might be allowed to keep my baby gorilla and bring her eventually back to England. This, was

leaving the forest behind, the scenery changed; grassy slopes took the place of trees, and, dropping gradually down, a drive of some fifty miles brought us to the top of the Kabasha escarpment. Here we halted for a few hours to enjoy the magnificence of the view. Three thousand feet below us, away to the east, lay Lake Edward, and there, drifting slowly across the water, was what seemed to us to be clouds of smoke. This we knew it could not be, since there were no steamboats on

once made a careful examination of his wounds. Fortunately, he had escaped serious injury, being only badly clawed on one arm and, in a lesser degree, on his back. Truly a miraculous escape. He owed his life to his sun helmet, which received the full force of the leopard's paw as he sprang on him. This was no mean responsibility for me. I begged him to let us take him to the doctor at Rutchuru, some fifty miles away, but he would not hear of it. I dressed his wounds each day and did my best to prevent blood-poisoning, which frequently occurs in these cases. My treatment was successful, and after an anxious time Monsieur Hemelers made a complete recovery.

It is curious to note the difference in the behaviour of the game close to the boundary of the "Parc." The animals inside the sacred precincts seem to realise that they have nothing to fear from man, whilst those without are extremely wary, and to approach within range is generally difficult. On these plains, Uganda Kop (Cobus) and Topi (Damaliscus) can be seen in enormous herds, while reedbuck and waterbuck, the latter carrying very fine horns, are fairly numerous, but we were disappointed in the few species found here as compared with the great variety to be seen on the plains of Kenya and Tanganyika.

It is still quite a common sight to see lions during the day, although there cannot be anything like the number that existed in the days when the Foster brothers and de Watteville hunted the plains, before the advent of the "Parc."

An amusing incident occurred to us one evening. Returning from Rutchuru in my little car after dark, we dimly saw looming ahead three enormous bulks. At first we were much puzzled as to what these could be, but as we drew closer the shapes resolved themselves into three hippos blocking the road! Dazed by the head-lights, they stared stupidly at us, when, alarmed by the noise of the car and the

hooting of the horn, they made off down the road, closely followed by us. The gentleman of the party made several feeble attempts to escape out of the beam of light, but the inky blackness of the bush on either side of the road appeared to frighten him. Eventually, unaccustomed to such exercise and terribly out of breath, he threw discretion to the winds and flung himself headlong into the scrub at the side of the road, followed by the two ladies.

These hippos, no doubt, came from the Ruindi river nearby, where they abound, but it is in the waters of the Rutchuru river that the greatest number can be seen.

At Kisenyi, on Lake Kivu, in the Ruanda country, administered under Belgian Mandate, we heard unpromising news of the gorilla prospects ahead. From all accounts, gorilla troops were reported to be few and far between, and the forest undergrowth of singularly impenetrable density. Whereupon we changed our plans, deciding reluctantly to retrace our steps northwards to the same forests from which we had come. There, at least, we knew were plenty of gorillas, although the nature of the country was not all that could be desired.

I have already related, above, the astonishing good

fortune which came my way on our return to these

mountains, when I secured the gorilla pictures. In

trepidation, I developed the dozen or more exposures

taken on that eventful day when the gorillas had

unwittingly posed for me. The disappointment of being

unsuccessful with the "old man" was absolutely forgotten—hardly could I believe my eyes, the results so far exceeded

my wildest hopes.



AFTER "THE MOST DANGEROUS EPISODE OF THE TRIP," DUE TO WHITE ANTS: COLONEL ASHTON AND M. HEMELEERS SEATED BESIDE THE WRECKAGE OF A COLLAPSED REST HOUSE AT CAMPI TSCHAMPI.

"We had a narrow escape from being killed," writes Lady Broughton, "when the rest house collapsed in a high wind and dust-storm. Unnoticed by us, the posts had been eaten away by white ants and so failed to stand the extra strain." She describes the accident towards the end of the accompanying article. Elsewhere in it she relates how M. Hemelers was mauled by a leopard.

Here, as also on the southern shores of Lake Edward, three score or more of these animals can be seen basking together on the sandbanks. A curious fact, which, up to the present, baffles biologists, is the absence of crocodiles in Lake Edward and its rivers, existing as they do in the lower reaches of the Semliki River, which drains this lake. Although many theories have been adduced to account for their non-existence, none appears to be entirely convincing. We had many delightful camps on this expedition,

but perhaps the most beautiful was one made on the shores of Lake Edward. On a calm evening, when the opaque surface of the water gleamed like metal, we would embark for a while in our frail native canoe. Perhaps even Ruwenzori would unveil her snow-capped peaks in the clear amber light of the setting sun, the quiet solitude broken only by the "woof woof" of the hippos, in the shallow warm water, awaiting the darkness before emerging to raid the reed flats in their nightly search for food. The profusion of bird life was of never-ending interest; now and again we would watch a black and white fish eagle swoop to his prey, to rise and fly away with a silver fish squirming in his beak.

After the flaming heat of the day, how welcome the cool nights, when the sky would be illuminated by the intermittent glow from Namlagira's fires, and we would listen to the voice of the king of beasts as he fearlessly roamed the plains. Nevertheless, as so often in Africa, there is the other side of the picture. Mosquitoes, tsetse fly, and the "Kimpulu" (Spirillum tick) were ever a menace, and particularly in one camp we suffered much from the attentions of chigoes—minute fleas, burrowing under the skin of the feet and the toe-nails, and causing intense irritation until removed by our "boys," who, with the help of a needle, were adepts at this primitive surgery. The waters of the lake are brackish and hardly effective in quenching the thirst; neither is it possible to find good water in the surrounding country, all the rivers being equally alkaline. Alas! these plains are not healthy, attacks of malaria and dysentery being common to both races, white and black.

My friends often ask what was the most dangerous episode of the trip. Unhesitatingly I reply, "The collapse of the Rest House at Campi Tschampi." One day, after a very light breakfast, we left camp shortly after dawn in search of meat for ourselves and our boys. As so often happens on these occasions, the game seemed particularly difficult to approach, and it was midday before we were successful. As we neared camp a violent dust-storm sprang up, and, though hungry and thirsty, we decided to wait for our lunch until the overwhelming gale of wind and choking clouds of dust had somewhat subsided. We were on the point of entering our house, when, to our horror, the whole structure crashed to the ground at our feet, burying in its fall all our possessions. Had anyone been inside, in all probability the consequences would have been fatal. White ants were the cause of this accident; undetected, they had eaten through the wooden supports, and the sudden extra strain caused by the hurricane brought about the collapse.

Our hunger was not appeased till late that day—it was, indeed, several days before the remains of our broken possessions could be retrieved from the wreckage. By now we had spent some weeks on the Lake Edward shores, and, having benefited undoubtedly by the complete change of climate, we felt ready for further strenuous efforts in the mountains. Our original intention had been to continue our journey southwards across Lake Kivu to try our luck with the gorillas inhabiting the mountains west of Costermansville. With this object in view we set out for Rutchuru, where we hoped to find an eagerly-awaited mail. Unfortunately, Mr. Scott had news here which necessitated his immediate return to Kenya.

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I have already related, above, the astonishing good fortune which came my way on our return to these mountains, when I secured the gorilla pictures. In trepidation, I developed the dozen or more exposures taken on that eventful day when the gorillas had unwittingly posed for me. The disappointment of being unsuccessful with the "old man" was absolutely forgotten—hardly could I believe my eyes, the results so far exceeded my wildest hopes.



AN ITURI FOREST WOMAN AND HER BABY, SHOWING ITS HEAD TIGHTLY CORDED TO PRODUCE AN ADMIRER ELONGATION OF SKULL: A CASE OF INFANTILE MISERY INFILCTED AT THE RIDICULOUS DICTATES OF FASHION.

On the way to the gorilla country, as described by Lady Broughton in our last number, the expedition spent some time hunting elephant in the Ituri Forest. "Many strange and curious customs (she writes) exist amongst primitive natives of the forest. A particularly useless and cruel one is the practice of tightly binding their babies' heads with wire or cord shortly after birth, the object being to attain an exaggerated elongation of the skull, considered by them to be a special form of beauty. The ceaseless wailing of these unfortunate infants kept us awake at nights until we learnt to avoid, whenever possible, camping near a village."

the lake. Later we learnt the truth: what we had thought to be smoke proved to be a gigantic locust swarm passing over the lake from Uganda into the Congo.

Looking across the plains away to the south, we had our first view of the long range of the Birunga volcanoes. Only two of these are now active, Namlagira, and, to a lesser degree, Tshaninagongo. . . . We continued on our way down the escarpment, stopping for a moment to read the inscription commemorating the recent opening of this engineering feat. Arriving at Campi Tschampi, at the foot of the escarpment, we found ourselves on the edge of the Parc National Albert: our spirits rose; we forgot the wet and the cold as we basked in the sunshine. What a change in our surroundings! No longer were we hemmed in by the gloomy forest, but for miles before us stretched the plains, covered with innumerable herds of antelope.

It was indeed a happy thought of King Albert to form his "Parc National" for all time. He realised, no doubt, that with the advent of the ubiquitous motor-car the game of the plains was doomed, unless afforded suitable protection. The "Parc" comprises, roughly, the Lake Edward Plains and the Birunga mountain range. We took an early opportunity of going to Rutchuru to present my letter of introduction to Monsieur Hemelers, Conservateur du Parc National, whose brother I had met in London, where he is attached to the Belgian Embassy.

We were fortunate in persuading Monsieur Hemelers to come and camp with us for a short time, and with him we had many interesting and delightful days photographing elephant, lion, buffalo, and hippo. One day, however, nearly ended in a tragedy. Whilst looking for lion we surprised a leopard in the open, a most unusual sight in daylight. He took refuge in a long straggling patch of scrub. From this we attempted to dislodge him, with a view to taking his picture.

At first all our efforts to move him were of no avail; then Monsieur Hemelers, who always refused to carry a rifle, very pluckily went into the bush unarmed to discover his whereabouts. Before he had time to locate the leopard, it sprang on him, and over and over they rolled. Colonel Ashton rushed forward, rifle in hand, but it was impossible for him to shoot at the confused mass of man and beast. Frightened, perhaps, by our approach, the leopard left his victim and bounded into the bush. We picked Monsieur Hemelers up and rushed him back to camp, where I at

thus, to all intents and purposes, our trip was over. For four strenuous months we had worked hard in this unhealthy climate. Our eight Nairobi boys were one and all ill and disgruntled from one cause or another, and we ourselves were suffering to a certain degree from the various hardships encountered. The time had come to return to England and to our ordinary everyday lives. Nevertheless, as I looked back at our mountains where we had spent so many hazardous days, I whispered "Auf wiedersehen!"

## LADY BROUGHTON'S REMARKABLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LADY BROUGHTON. WORLD COPYRIGHT

THE circumstances in which Lady Broughton secured her amazingly successful photographs of gorillas in their native haunts are described in her article given on another double-page in this number—a continuation of the first installment published in our last issue. She explored the mountain gorilla country of the Ruwenzori Range, King Edward V., and the Ituri Forest, in the Belgian Congo, at an altitude of about 10,000 ft., and are quite distinct from the lowland Gabon, or Cameroon type of gorilla living in jungles practically at sea-level. It is the lowland breed that the two gorillas recently placed in the London "Zoo" belong. Lady Broughton took her gorilla photographs on the range of mountains [Continued below.]



THREE BUFFALO BULLS ON THE RUINDI PLAINS (BELGIAN CONGO), WITH THE RASALI MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LATE IN THE EVENING AS LIGHT WAS FADING, AND SHOWING UP THE ANIMALS BLACK AND THREATENING AGAINST THE DISTANT RANGE.



A SCHOOL OF HIPPOPOTAMUS IN THE RUTCHURU RIVER, WHERE THE HARMONY OF A PEACEFUL POOL WAS DISTURBED—PERHAPS BY THE ARRIVAL OF A STRANGE BULL: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A CLIFF ABOVE THE RIVER, SHOWING WEAVER BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



A WHITE RHINOCEROS NEAR RHINO CAMP, UGANDA, SHOWN IN A PHOTOGRAPH IN WHICH UNFORTUNATELY, THE LONG GRASS OBSCURES THE SQUARE JAW, A TYPICAL FEATURE OF THIS RARE SPECIES.

(Continued) stretching from Lubero to Lake Kivu. Describing the expedition's journey thither from Nairobi, she wrote (in her first article): "The route we chose lay through Uganda to Butiaba on Lake Albert, thence by Nile steamer to Rhino Camp, when I hoped to finally associate with the white rhino (a highly-protected and rare animal) . . . After locating several white rhino, but finding grass conditions most difficult for photography, we decided to move into the Belgian Congo." After tracking gorillas for two arduous months, the party moved south to Lake Edward for a few weeks' rest, and during this period, as Lady Broughton says, "had many interesting and delightful days with elephant, lion, buffalo, and hippo . . . It is in the waters of the Rutshuru River that the greatest number (of hippo) can be seen." On returning to the gorilla mountains, Lady Broughton at length achieved her main object. The gorillas, unwillingly posed for her, with results exceeding her wildest hopes.

## BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHY: BUFFALO, RHINO, HIPPO, GORILLA.

STRICTLY RESERVED. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGES 756 AND 757.)



"A FEMALE GORILLA, ONE OF A LARGE BAND, EVIDENTLY SUSPICIOUS OF OUR CLOSE PROXIMITY, CLIMBS A TREE TO INVESTIGATE": ONE OF LADY BROUGHTON'S AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOUNTAIN GORILLAS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS IN THE EASTERN CONGO—A MASTERPIECE OF NATURE-STUDY WITH THE CAMERA.



THE LARGER OF THE TWO FONDS AT FALDON—NOT ENCLOSED BY A FOX-PROOF FENCE: A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE SEAT SHOWN IN THE UPPER RIGHT ILLUSTRATION.

In the fateful year 1914, Viscount Grey of Fallodon—then Sir Edward Grey—worked whole-heartedly for Peace. It was not to be. The Great War came; wounded the world; left deep disfiguring scars. And the war, too, suffered—in every sense. Now he has his ease, and it may be that Time, the healer, has dulled his memories of strife, dimmed his disappointment. Let us hope that it is so; at least, after long labour, he has quieted his conscience—among his beloved birds. In the September—October number of "Natural History" (the Magazine of the American Museum of Natural History) he contributed an article of deep interest both to British and American students of bird life, entitled "Canvasback Ducks in Northumberland"—Observations on the Breeding and Behaviour of an American Species of Wild Fowl. In [Continued in No. 2.]



A FEMALE CANVASBACK DUCK FEEDING FROM LORD GREY'S HAND: A BIRD BELIEVED TO BE THE SAME ONE THAT HAD LEFT FALDON IN DECEMBER, 1930, AND WAS ABSENT FOR ABOUT SEVENTEEN MONTHS, THAT IS, UNTIL MAY, 1932.

## THE MAN WHO DID HIS LORD GREY OF FALDON

BY COURTESY OF VISCOUNT GREY OF FALDON AND THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

Northern England. He recalls that a few years ago some eggs of canvasback ducks (*Nyroca melanotos*) were brought to this country from North America, and thus was established here a stock, from which he obtained a pair of birds in 1929. He then goes on to describe their character and habits, the results of their nesting and breeding, and the behaviour of the young. "For five weeks," he writes, "the young canvasbacks were often observed to impinge on all comers. . . . The mother duck also ceased to feed from the hand, but she would come with her brood near enough to pick up food thrown to them on the water. They became very fond of bread, and late on summer evenings, when most of the ducks were at the regular feeding-place and I could get the canvasbacks by themselves, I knelt, leaning over the edge of the bank, throwing small pieces of bread to the

[Continued in Box 5.]

## BEST TO STOP THE WAR: IN HIS BIRD-SANCTUARY.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.  
CURATOR OF BIRDS AT THE MUSEUM.

returned. She would not take bread from the hand, but picked it up when thrown to her. At the evening feed, when my friend went to put soft food as usual in a trough level with the water, especially placed there for an older drake, she followed him and went into the water to get some. She then flew on to the bank and had a long feed of wheat close to my feet. Her actions presented no doubt that she was the bird of 1930 and had been absent in June 1931, and thus had been away for fully nine months. This bird is still here. But a still more remarkable thing has happened. On May 17, 1932, the gardener, who takes great interest in the birds, said to me: 'There is a mystery among the ducks: there is a third female canvasback.' This bird was tame, but would take bread readily from the hand, and was evidently the female that had

[Continued in Box 5.]



LORD GREY FEEDING A MALE CANVASBACK DRAKE WHICH HAD LEFT THE WATER TO TAKE BREAD FROM HIS HAND: AN INCIDENT AT THE SEAT NEAR THE LARGER FOND.

6.

Consider the emotions aroused by a mandarin drake alighting on your cap! Practically every bird in the hole-and-ditch system is recognized. They are not merely pintails, or pochards, or teal, they are individuals, personalities, whose history and characteristics are minutely known. . . . I read in the press of a gathering of men in Washington urging the Federal Government to double and more, the period during which they may legally kill wild ducks. To these men it is the normal fate of a canvasback to be shot, but I'll wager that not one of them ever got the bird that I call a score of 'doubles' that was Lord Grey's when after an absence of seventeen months one of his canvasbacks returned to Fallodon and the same day fed from his hand." This incident is illustrated in the accompanying photographs.



A CHINESE MANDARIN DRAKE PERCHED ON LORD GREY'S HAT: A BIRD WHOSE HABIT OF ALIGHTING ON THE HEAD OR SHOULDER MAY BE DUE, HE SUGGESTS, TO ITS BEING OF A TREE-NESTING SPECIES.

5.

I left me in December 1930, and had not since been seen at Fallodon. It had therefore been absent for seventeen months. I have no means of knowing where these two returnees had passed the intervening time. . . . They did not immediately let the sight of me startle, but immediately on returning to the home of their birth behaved as if they had never been absent. In March, when the first canvasback returned, I felt sure that the unmated drake of 1931 would mate with her, but he has shown no disposition to do so with either of the returned birds, and he and they remain unmated. On the other hand, a male pochard, who has also been away for several months, is paying assiduous court to one of the returned canvasbacks. . . . On May 28 the old canvasback was brought back to Fallodon by Frank Chapman. . . . In so far as any general conclusion can be drawn from these experiences, it is that young canvasbacks, left free, will, unless unsettled by ice, remain where they have been reared till late in the following spring, but will then leave; that a canvasback is a very good mother; and that the young are very strong and healthy birds from the moment of hatching." Lord Grey's article is prefaced by an interesting introductory note by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, Curator of Birds at the American Museum of Natural History, giving his impressions of a visit to Fallodon. "I found that the relations between man and his creatures have been established between birds and man. . . . I think that St. Francis would have felt at home there. It is the ducks that chiefly distinguish the bird-life of Fallodon. Ornithologically they are 'wild ducks,' but the term 'wild' here acquires a new meaning. . . . In May last I counted twenty different species; two years before, twenty-three. The birds live in and about two small, intimate ponds. Both are enclosed by a fox-proof fence which includes also the lawns and



WILD DUCKS THAT SOMETIMES ENTER THE DOOR OPENING INTO THE LIBRARY IN ORDER TO FORAGE FOR THEMSELVES: A MALE DOORSTEP MANDARIN FEEDING FROM LORD GREY'S HAND, AND A FEMALE (ON THE RIGHT) AWAITING HER TURN.

# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## A LIVING FOSSIL.

*By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.*

**F**EW, probably, even of the most enthusiastic lovers of the countryside ever realise that if they had but eyes like microscopes, the burrowing abilities of the mole, and the light-producing powers of the glow-worm, they would discover a new world teeming with life—and this, too, in the most unexpected places and under conditions of existence they would have deemed impossible. Even as it is, we fail to see any but the more obvious characteristics of the living things which confront us every hour of the day, because it does not occur to us to consider, even casually, whether these "characteristics" have any meaning. That is to say, in how far they are manifestations of the "shifts for a living" which these creatures have to make.

Now and again, when our newspapers describe the spoils of some deep-sea expedition, or the discovery of some new and microscopic internal parasite, we merely regard such information as "curious." Yet a moment's thought would show that animal life brought up from depths where the pressure of the water amounts to several tons to the square inch, or living bodies, microscopic though they be, which can live within the bodies of other animals, must differ profoundly from the creatures that we see in our daily wanderings.

But living bodies pervade not only the utter darkness of the deep sea and the cavities of the bodies of other animals; for it has long been known that deep down in the bowels of the earth there are also living creatures and often of highly organised types, with near relations who spend their lives in the joyous sunlight. The blind newt of the caves of Carniola, the blind crayfish of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, are well-known instances. There are yet lower but no less interesting members of this subterranean world; and among these are certain members of the crustacea, which are found, from time to time, in deep wells or subterranean pools. How did they get there? And, having got there, how do they contrive to find a living? That they have been born and bred there of a long line of descendants there can be no question; because they have obviously become specially adjusted to life under these apparently impossible conditions. To begin with, they are always blind and of ghostly transparency.

This strange aspect of life has just been forced once again upon me by the exhibition of a film at a meeting of the Zoological Society a day or two ago. It gave us a vivid picture of a strange and tiny crustacean, no more than one twenty-fifth of an inch long, found in a tub of water in the shaft of a quarry at Cosham, near Bath. It was discovered by Mr. A. G. Lowndes, the Biology master at Marlborough College, and it has made a wonderful film.

*Bathynella*—for that is the name of the little creature—was found, as I have said, in one of the tubs of water kept in the galleries of this quarry for wetting the handsaws used in cutting the blocks of stone. *Bathynella* was the name given by Professor Vejdovsky fifty years ago to two specimens found in a well at Prague. To what group of the crustacea they should be assigned he could not decide. Then came the discovery—and that was forty years ago—of a curious mountain shrimp from streams near the summit of Mount Wellington, Tasmania. It was regarded as one of the "Schizopoda," a group containing a medley of forms unfamiliar to any save the specialists, and since discarded. A few years later fresh material came into the hands of no less an authority than Dr. W. T. Calman, and he showed

But why make a fuss about it? some may ask. After all, of what use is this discovery? If no information is to be regarded as of value except it can be applied to commercial ends, then, so far as we can see at present, Mr. Lowndes has wasted a great deal of precious time. If he had found *Bathynella* in such swarms as to justify their exploitation for the production of "shrimp paste," there might be something in it! But he had no such utilitarian views. He was out to gain knowledge for its own sake. And when one comes to survey his achievement, one is not a little impressed with its importance. For he has focussed attention on a very strange aspect of animal life, as well as of subterranean water systems that will well repay further investigation.

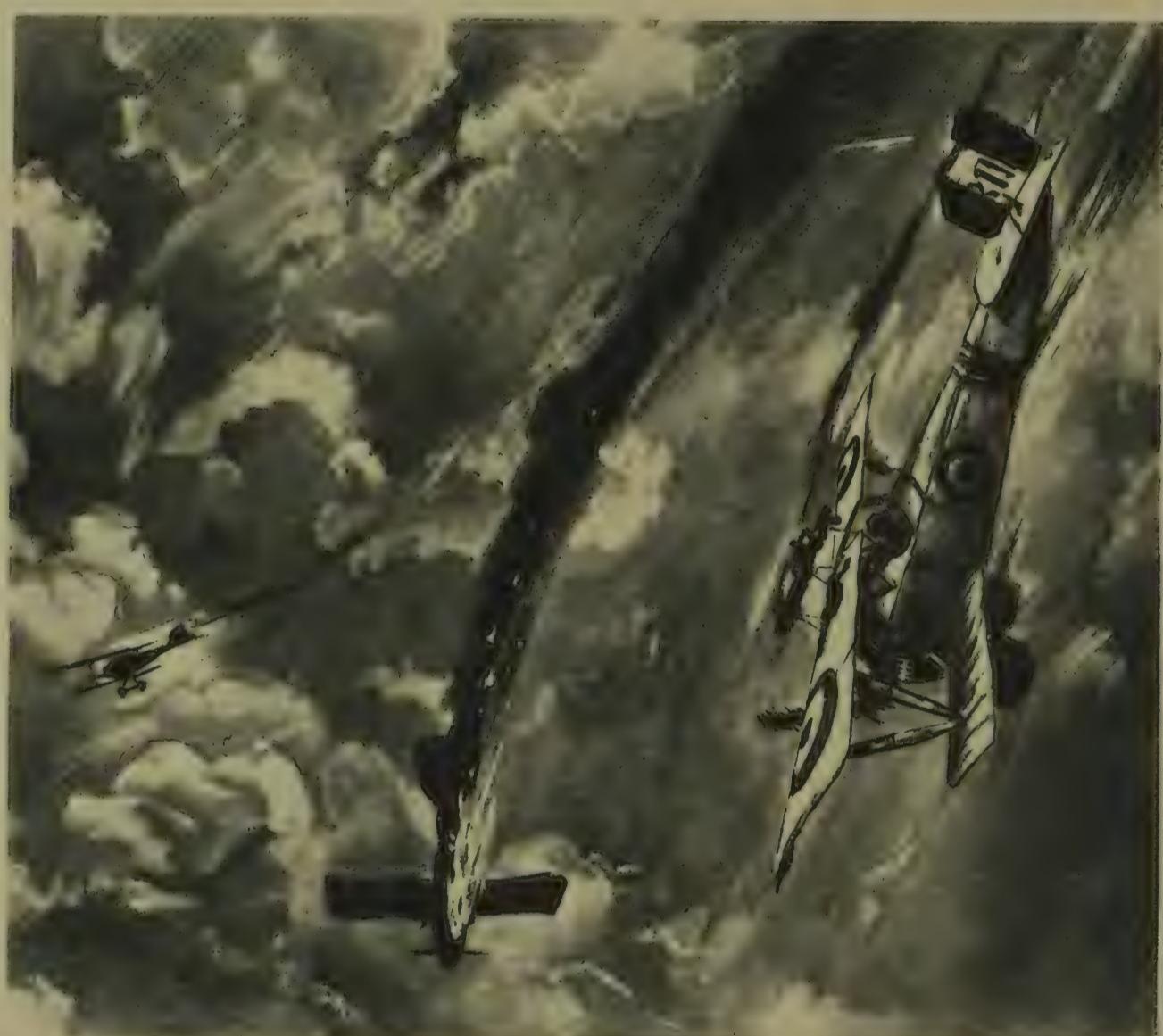
Surely it is a matter for wonder that a highly-

organised crustacean such as *Bathynella* can contrive to live and propagate its species in such a strange world: a region of endless night, where time is not. No hermit in his cell was ever so isolated. Sunlight and the ultra-violet rays we set such store by are non-existent factors in the life of this prisoner. How did it get there; and, having got there, whence does it obtain food? The church mouse has a fat living by comparison. And it is further to be remembered that the specimens shown on this film were all taken from water in a tub—a prison within a prison.

An important step towards unravelling this mystery will be taken when an intensive search is made in every puddle and pool and in every stream for miles around this quarry. For, even now, specimens may be found living in association with the numerous forms of tiny crustacea which swarm in our fresh waters. At some time or another, we may be certain, *Bathynella* lived, if it does not still do so, in open-air water. "Seepage" from the bed of the stream, we may surmise, car-

ried down through crevices either adults or eggs, till they reached some underground miniature lake. All sorts of other and related species may also have gone down into this Tophet: but *Bathynella* alone had a constitution sufficiently adjustable to survive. This, in itself, is of more importance than is immediately apparent.

The only food available is animal and vegetable débris, brought down into the water which soaks in from above: and possible animalculæ and diatoms, from the same source. An examination of the contents of the stomach and intestines in freshly caught specimens should set this point at rest. My correspondence seems to show me that readers of this page are spread over the whole habitable globe. Not a few, probably, will be induced to join in a great hunt for *Bathynella*; and this will perhaps bring to light yet other species. Certainly a very careful search will be justified, not only in the neighbourhood of this quarry, but throughout the British Empire.



DOWN IN FLAMES: AN AERIAL COMBAT PICTURED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF FEBRUARY 9, 1918, WHICH IS STRIKINGLY LIKE THAT SHOWN IN THE AIR-FIGHTING PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGES 763, 764 OF THIS ISSUE.

On pages 763 and 764 of this issue, we publish, as one of our series of photographs of air-fighting during the Great War, a snapshot of a German Albatross aeroplane coming down in flames and its pilot falling through the air after he had jumped from it. Here we give the chief part of a picture (done for us at the time by Captain Bryan de Grineau, R.F.A.), which may well depict the same aerial combat. As noted above, it is from our issue of February 9, 1918.

Note: Owing to the pressure on our space, due to the fact that this is our Armistice Day Number, we are compelled to omit our usual illustrations to the "World of Science."

conclusively that it was a living descendant of an ancient fossil group—the Syncarida—which lived during the formation of the Coal Measures of Derbyshire some 300 million years ago! Furthermore, he ventured to predict that Vejdovsky's *Bathynella* would also have to be placed in the group. That prediction was confirmed in 1914 by Dr. Chappuis, who had the good fortune to obtain fresh material, this time from Basle.

The living representatives of the founder of the family—*Preanaspides precursor*—now form four distinct genera: *Anaspides*, just described; *Paranaspides* from the Great Lake of Tasmania; *Koonunga* from fresh-water pools near Melbourne; and *Bathynella*, which, found originally in Prague, has turned up near Basle, in Serbia and Roumania, and the Malay Peninsula—and always in subterranean waters. And to these we must now add Mr. Lowndes' most interesting discovery near Bath.



**DOWN IN FLAMES: A GERMAN PILOT FALLING THROUGH THE AIR AFTER HE HAD JUMPED FROM HIS BURNING ALBATROSS; THE MOST POIGNANT OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF AERIAL COMBATS DURING THE GREAT WAR.—NO. 11 OF THE SERIES.**

In this issue, we continue our remarkable series of photographs of air-fighting during the Great War; and we would again emphasise the fact that all the snapshots were taken during actual aerial combats. This particular picture—like that on page 765—was taken by "Jook," a brother officer of the British pilot who took all save two of the photographs we have been able to reproduce. The following extract is from the diary of the pilot responsible for the bulk of the photographs, a very human document from which we have given extracts in our extracts in *"Field Sketches."* "RIP," he writes, "I am sorry for me, and went up first patrol this morning, and gave her morning bath in nice fluffy clouds, . . . Finished patrol, after Hun slipped away, in peace, and came in for breakfast. Didn't have camera with me, sorry, as I might have got snap. Jook had it with him and didn't want to wake him up to get it. When I

got in last night he was in — so didn't see him until this morning. Had two snaps which he got while I was away, one a corkscrew, Albatross going down in flames, and pilot jumping out. Dirty dog never kept notes of things, but of the burning one he said they ran into some Huns and Brits and when they came into it it was almost over. A Hun went down under control and Jook nosed after him to get it. Then saw it was on fire and lowered it down watching pilot struggled to bring it down way down by his right side and until that side was nearly broken then turned to other side down. Heat must have been terrific. Noticed pilot trying to jump out. He was done for anyway and Jook decided to give him a burst to end his agony but as he was about to shoot him Hun pulled plane up into a stall and jumped. Camera caught him just as he left the burning plane which went fluttering down, mass of flames."

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COCKBURN-LANGE COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED) SEE ALSO PAGES 765 AND 766.

The Illustrated London News, Nov. 12, 1932.

## BATTLES IN THE AIR DURING THE GREAT WAR: GERMAN "FLEDGLINGS" IN ACTION WITH BRITISH AEROPLANES.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COCKBURN-LANGE COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.) SEE ALSO PAGES 763 AND 764.



THE photograph reproduced above was taken by "Jock," a brother officer of the British pilot who took all save two of the photographs of air-fighting during the Great War which have proved of such extreme interest to our readers. The following note concerning it is from the diary from which we have already given a number of extracts. "Wednesday, Kaiser Bill must have visited his fledglings and put some pep into them for they were all up to-day and came well over our lines, not so usual. Tackled two-seater but she got away when her escort dropped into the mess. Had camera with me but did no good as I only caught wing-tip of Fokker. Have it pointing back in new position. Jock tried it when he went up this afternoon and came back with corker. As it came up in the tray chills ran up and down our spines, like couple of school-girls; had snapped a Hun as it was trying to shoot a burst into him, as he came in with two holes in his right wing which entered from rear. Suddenly dawned on us how many times before Huns must have been sitting there trying to get us to shoot them. Whoever said ignorance was bliss jolly well knew what they were talking about. Jock says Huns to-day good scrappers, but not unusual, which remark made me laugh. He saw the point and laughed too. In celebration of his narrow escape I stood bottle of champagne."

CONCERNING the photograph reproduced on the right, the British pilot who took it while engaged with the enemy during the war writes: "Friday. Decided to bring down six or seven Huns to-day on my own! Saw dazzling Roumanian or Armenian decoration on one of gilded staff which would solve problem of dog collar for my pup. After patrol, had RIP filled up and reloaded and was just about to take off when Rex blew along and asked what it was all about. Told him my ambitions; he said he'd always hankered after pretty ribbon for a garter, so came along too. Waited in shelter of clouds for something awkward and easy to come along, and it did. But they were neither awkward nor easy. Far from it. Jockeyed into favourable position and then ripped into them. Soon realised we were in a fight that was not going to be easy to get out of. For few minutes were kept busy trying to preserve our hides. Threw RIP around cruelly in effort to get out of the mess, and after what seemed hours of torture managed to shake them off. Got in several bursts during mêlée but they must have had cast iron shirts as they absorbed the bullets and came back for more. Licking was not without its brighter side as I got damned good photo of Rex and a Fokker. Rex had four neat holes in his fuselage, so he must have given them by the Hun at the top of the picture."

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF AIR-FIGHTING EVER TAKEN IN THE WAR.—NO. 12: A GERMAN AEROPLANE SNAPSHOTTED AS IT WAS TRYING TO SHOOT A BURST INTO A BRITISH FIGHTER.



THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS OF AIR-FIGHTING EVER TAKEN IN THE WAR.—NO. 13: "REX AND A FOKKER," A MACHINE WHOSE PILOT SHOT FOUR NEAT HOLES IN THE FUSELAGE OF THE BRITISH PLANE.

(See Extract from the British Pilot's Diary on the Opposite Page.)



### THE HOME OF THE EMPIRE'S SPIRIT ON ARMISTICE DAY: THE CENOTAPH.

As Armistice Day this year falls on a Friday (our day of publication), we are unable to illustrate in this number the actual ceremonies of the present anniversary. The King decided that the celebrations should follow the lines adopted on previous occasions, and, in announcing the arrangements beforehand, the Home Office stated: "Representative detachments of the Royal Navy, the Army, the Royal Air Force, the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets, and ex-Service Men's Associations will march to the Cenotaph in the morning and there form a hollow square. Shortly before 11 a.m., wreaths will be deposited on the Cenotaph by or on behalf of his

Majesty the King and other members of the Royal Family. . . . At 11 a.m. the Two Minutes Silence will be observed, and a short Service will follow, conducted by the Bishop of London, after which the representative detachments will march off via Parliament Square. The Service will be broadcast by the British Broadcasting Corporation. . . . Details of the arrangements in the United Kingdom will be forwarded to all parts of the Empire, and it is hoped that there will be such general co-operation in the observance of Armistice Day as has been the case in previous years."



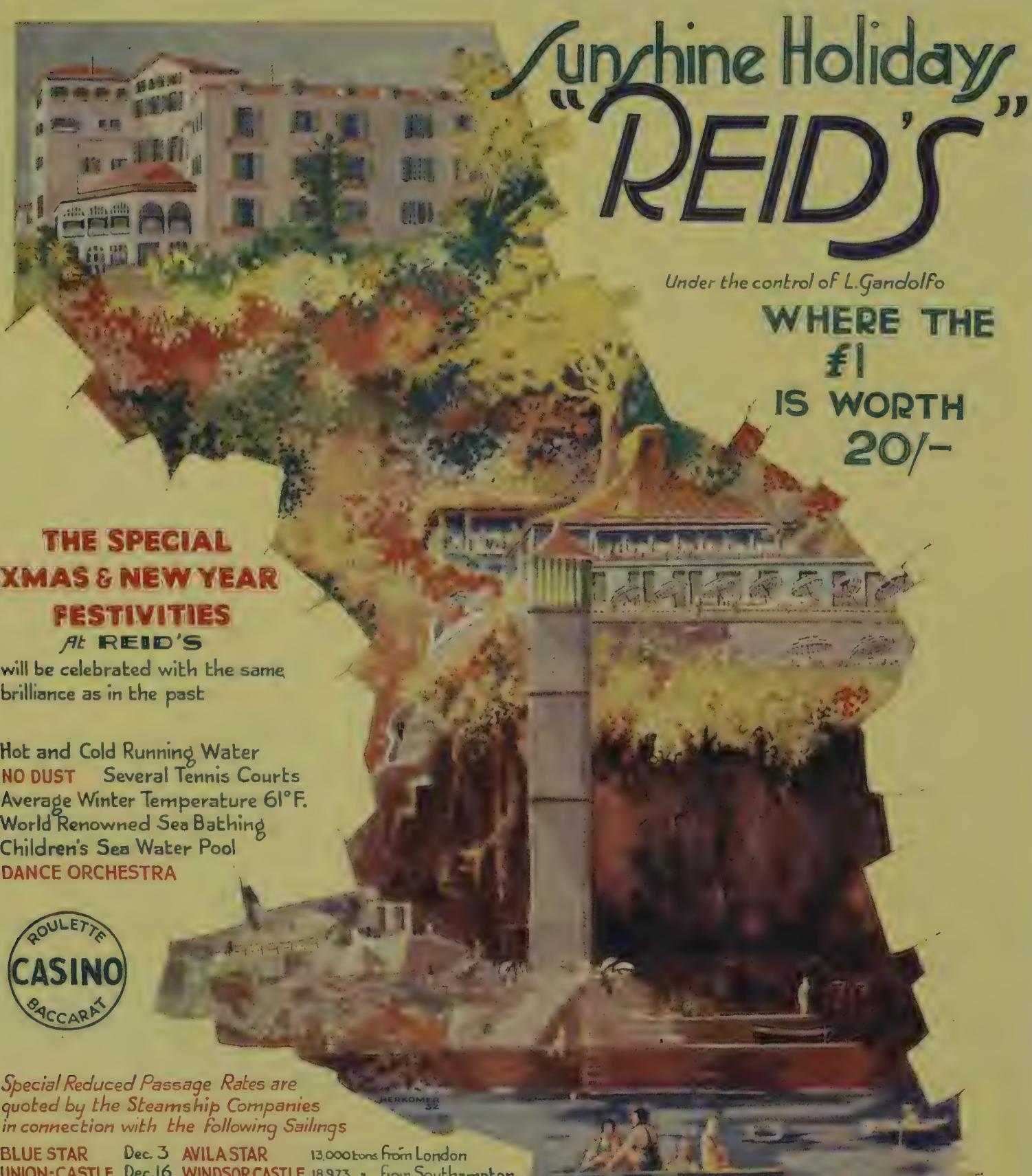
VAN MINDERHOUT'S PICTURE OF THE FAMOUS DUTCH FLAG-SHIP, "EENDRAGHT," AND DUTCH EAST INDIAMEN: A GIFT FOR THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The "Eendracht" was one of the most famous Dutch men-o'-war in the seventeenth century. It figured in many of the historic battles of the Anglo-Dutch wars until, in 1665, it was blown up accidentally by its own magazines during the Battle of Lowestoft, where it was the flag-ship of the Lord of Oldham. He and all but five of the crew perished in the disaster, which proved the turning-point of the battle. Just before the explosion occurred, the "Eendracht" was hotly engaged with the "Royal Charles," commanded by the Duke of York (afterwards James II), and the Duke himself had a narrow escape when three of his officers were killed

at his side by a shot from the "Eendracht's" guns. The sea-fights with the Dutch in those days were fierce and terrible, but on both sides there was great respect for a chivalrous foe. The splendid painting in oils here reproduced, showing the "Eendracht" and Dutch East Indiamen at anchor, is from the brush of the Dutch marine painter, Hendrich van Minderhout (1632-1696), and is a remarkable example of this great and somewhat rare master's work. The area of the canvas is approximately 9 ft. by 5 ft. This picture is of special interest, as a record of naval architecture, in that it shows the colouring on the "Eendracht's" decorated stern,

a detail which is very rare, although the design is known from drawings by Van de Velde. Hendrich van Minderhout was one of the great Dutch masters of landscape painting in the seventeenth century. The original picture from which our reproduction is taken has lately been purchased by Mr. Robertson F. Gibb (Chairman) and the Board of the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company, Limited, of Fenchurch Street, London, who have presented it to the Government and citizens of the Union of South Africa for the new South Africa House in London. This shipping company has been closely associated with the development of South Africa

for many years, both in the carriage of ocean mail services and in the conduct of trade. The gift, therefore, is in every way a fitting one, made more so by the title "Eendracht," which means "Union," and by reason of the romantic associations which link these wonderful old ships with the history of the founding of the first settlement at the Cape and its ultimate growth into the Dominion of the Union of South Africa. The picture will occupy a wall in one of the feature rooms in the new South Africa House, designed after the style of the spacious and heavily beamed apartments characteristic of the glorious old Dutch dwellings at the Cape.



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## Never Again—We Trust. Memories of 1914-1918.

ARMISTICE Day is observed as a Day of Remembrance, as an occasion for recalling the deeds of the heroes dead, with honour to their immortal memory, and also, in its origin at least, as a Day of Thanksgiving for the cessation of strife and the dawn of peace. It is well that this anniversary should also be observed as a Day of Resolution, of a firm resolve that never again shall the world suffer another such catastrophe; never shall our children and grandchildren, or generations to come after, be subjected to the curse of war.



BRITISH TROOPS DISEMBARKING IN THE FACE OF MURDEROUS FIRE AND MOWN DOWN BY TURKISH SHOT AND SHELL: THE LANDINGS FROM THE "RIVER CLYDE" AT SEDD-UL BAHR IN 1915, AND THE HEROIC CHARGE OF THE DUBLINS, MUNSTERS, AND HAMPSHIRE'S.



THE FATE OF TROOPS IN A TRANSPORT SUNK BY SUBMARINE: ONE OF THE BOATS OF THE FORMER CUNARDER, "IVERNIA" (TORPEDOED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ON JANUARY 1, 1917, WITH THE LOSS OF 120 SOLDIERS AND 33 OF THE CREW), SWAMPED IN A HEAVY SEA, AND MEN IN LIFE-BELTS SWIMMING IN THE WATER.



WHAT WAR MEANS TO THE SAILOR: MEN OF THE GERMAN CRUISER "GNEISENAU" AFTER SHE HAD BEEN SUNK IN THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS (ON DECEMBER 8, 1914), BEING PICKED UP BY BOATS FROM H.M.S. "INFLEXIBLE" (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND) AND "INVINCIBLE."

ON these two pages we reproduce, from various war-time numbers of "The Illustrated London News," some especially dramatic photographs which typify the tragic realities of the Great War in many different aspects. They are given here with the object of showing what might be expected to occur again, in an intensified form, in any future war, and in order to support and reinforce the hope expressed above, that never again may the world be afflicted with such a catastrophe. The two photographs of "Ivernia" survivors, it may be recalled,

(Continued opposite.)



WHAT WAR MEANS TO THE SOLDIER: THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT KAYMAZHCHANALAN AFTER A SERBIAN VICTORY OVER THE BULGARIANS IN 1915—THE GROUND STREWN WITH CORPSES OF SCORES OF MEN, KILLED BY TRENCH-MORTAR SHELLS OR AERIAL TORPEDOES, AND DOTTED WITH ROUGH, IMPROVISED GRAVES.



PERILS OF THE SEA FOR THE SOLDIER: ANOTHER PARTY OF SURVIVORS (WEARING LIFE-BELTS) FROM THE TORPEDOED TRANSPORT "IVERNIA" AFTER SHE WAS SUNK IN THE MEDITERRANEAN BY A GERMAN U-BOAT, IN ONE OF THE SHIP'S RAFTS, APPROACHING A RESCUING PATROL-BOAT.



THE GRIM REALITIES OF NAVAL WARFARE: A GREAT WAR-SHIP IN EXTREMIS—THE GERMAN ARMoured CRUISER "BLÜCHER" TURNING OVER AND SINKING (IN THE BATTLE OF DOGGER BANK, IN 1915), WITH SURVIVORS OF HER CREW SCRAMBLING OVER THE SIDE.



THE DEVASTATION OF MODERN WARFARE IN A COUNTRYSIDE: THE BATTLEFIELD OF LOGS AFTER THE BRITISH ADVANCE THAT LED TO THE CAPTURE OF 3000 GERMANS IN 1915—A SCENE DESCRIBED AS "A MONUMENT TO THE POWER OF OUR ARTILLERY."



THE MILITARY USE OF POISON-GAS, WHICH MIGHT BE EMPLOYED, THROUGH AIR-HOMES, AGAINST CIVILIANS IN CITIES: A GERMAN GAS-ATTACK ON RUSSIANS IN 1915—AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH FROM A RUSSIAN AEROPLANE, SHOWING GERMANS (ON RIGHT) READY TO ATTACK.



THE PERIL OF COASTAL TOWNS IN TIME OF WAR: A TYPICAL SCENE OF HAVOC IN THE RESTAURANT OF THE GRAND HOTEL, SCARBOROUGH, IN DECEMBER 1914, WHEN 17 CIVILIANS, INCLUDING WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WERE KILLED BY GERMAN SHELLS.



THE VANDALISM OF WAR IN ITS DESTRUCTION OF HISTORIC ARCHITECTURE: A CLARING EXAMPLE SEEN IN THE "MARTYRDOM" OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL, SYSTEMATICALLY BOMBARDIED BY THE GERMANS IN 1917—A BIG SHELL BURSTING ON THE TRANSEPT.



ONE OF THE SOLDIER'S MOST PAINFUL BUT NECESSARY DUTIES IN WAR—THE EXECUTION OF SPIES: THE SHOOTING OF A GERMAN SPY BY A BRITISH FIRING PARTY (IN BELGIUM, 1914) TO STOP A SOURCE OF THE ENEMY'S INFORMATION WHICH MIGHT HAVE COST OUR ARMY HUNDREDS OF LIVES.

appeared in our issue of February 3, 1917. In "The transport 'Ivernia' (we then wrong) was sunk by an torpedo sent in by a German submarine on January 1 while carrying troops, but happily the loss of life was much less than might have been expected. The weather was rough at the time, and the ship's boats which took off survivors were, in their crowded condition, often in great peril before the rescuing patrol-boats and other vessels, summoned by wireless messages, could arrive and take up the men."



ON THE SCENE OF VERDUN'S LONG AGONY: VISITORS FROM PARIS AT FORT VAUX, FROM WHICH A VIEW IS OBTAINED OF THE WHOLE SURROUNDING DISTRICT.



GRIM REMINDERS OF THE GREAT STRUGGLE AROUND VERDUN: GERMAN GUNS WHICH WERE LEFT BEHIND WHEN THE INVADERS WITHDRAW FROM FORT DOUAUMONT.



A RELIC OF THE GREAT WAR STILL TO BE SEEN AT THE ROADSIDE NEAR RHEIMS: A GERMAN TANK ABANDONED NEAR THE FORT DE LA POMPELLE.



REMNANTS OF THE VAST SYSTEM OF TRENCHES AND DUG-OUTS THAT STRETCHED ALONG THE WESTERN FRONT: DUG-OUTS PRESERVED TO THIS DAY.

## Never Again—We Trust.

Memories of 1914-1918: The Scars of Battle Still Visible.



WHERE NATURE HAS DONE HER BEST TO OBLITERATE THE TRACES OF STRIFE: A TRENCH ON HILL 304 AS IT NOW APPEARS.



WALLS THAT ONCE ECHOED TO THE VOICES OF ARMED MEN AND THE NOISE OF WAR: THE INTERIOR OF THE FORT DE LA POMPELLE, NEAR RHEIMS.



WHERE MEN ONCE PASSED TO BATTLE: THE MOUTH OF A LONG UNDERGROUND TUNNEL DUG AS A MEANS OF TRANSIT BETWEEN THE BACK TRENCHES AND THE FRONT.



WITH POSTS OF BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS STILL PRESERVED IN MEMORY OF THE BRAVE WHO DIED THERE: THE RUINED FORT DE LA POMPELLE; underground tunnels, once used for purposes of communication and the movement of troops, and here and there, abandoned guns and tanks, sections of old barbed-wire entanglements, and odds and ends of war material or equipment left lying about. Nature has done her best to obliterate with grass and flowers the grim effects of man's destructive strife, but there are still places, such as Hill 304, which retain something of that aspect of desolation brought about by continual shelling.



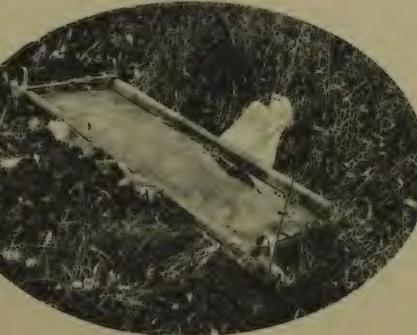
A PATHETIC SOUVENIR OF WAR ON A BATTLEFIELD NOW OVERGROWN WITH GRASS AND WILD FLOWERS: A SIGN, PERHAPS, OF AN UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE.



WHERE THE BODIES OF MEN SHOT IN BATTLE MAY HAVE HUNG: A TYPICAL PIECE OF DERELICT BARBED-WIRE SUCH AS IS STILL FOUND ALL OVER THE WAR AREA.



SHELL-TORN GROUND WHERE MANY THOUSANDS OF MEN WERE KILLED DURING BATTLES ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE FAMOUS HILL 304 AS IT IS NOW.



AN OBJECT ELOQUENT OF SUFFERING AND DEATH: AN OLD MILITARY STRETCHER, ONCE USED TO CARRY WOUNDED MEN, STILL LYING ON A BATTLEFIELD.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TURNING into Kingsway recently, I happened to see the march of the unemployed which ended (through certain hooligan and subversive accretions) in a rough-and-tumble near the Marble Arch. I say "happened to see," because I should not like the Home Secretary to think that I went there on purpose, out of idle curiosity, to swell the crowd and hamper the police. As a matter of fact, there was no crowd, the procession was quite orderly, and as for me, I was merely proceeding in quest of lunch. As I watched those ill-clad ranks pass by—most of them obviously decent fellows down on their luck—I thought how fine they might have looked in uniform and under discipline. It seemed a pity there could not be some sort of State labour corps, for works of public utility, which would give such men occupation and self-respect, and the taxpayer some return for his outlay on the dole. There are, of course, objections to such a plan, as there always are to everything, but they do not seem to me insuperable.

Compare such "hunger marches" with the recent march of the Fascists through Rome. Without suggesting a dictatorship in our democratic paradise, I think it might be said that in some respects they do things better in Italy. At any rate, they get things done, and they show a civic pride in their historic past. In this country relics of old days are being continually removed to make way for petrol-pumps or cinemas and so on, or are sold to Americans, or allowed to go to rack and ruin, and our archaeologists have to take round the hat to scrape together a tenth of what they need for some important research. In Rome, the procession traversed the site of a great archaeological scheme of restoration carried out by the State. Britain itself was a province of the Roman Empire for some four centuries. As a nation, what do we care?

Thus I arrive at a book by one Briton who has done much for archaeology, Homeric and otherwise—namely, "*ROME—OF THE RENAISSANCE AND TO-DAY.*" By Sir Rennell Rodd, G.C.B. With Illustrations by Henry Rushbury, A.R.A. (Macmillan; 25s.). The author's object has been to explore historic byways and, "taking as a point of departure the culmination of the Renaissance about the year 1500, to glance backward over the more immediately preceding centuries and forward through the post-Renaissance to the evolution of the modern capital of united Italy." Few Englishmen are so well qualified as Sir Rennell Rodd to perform this task, and his knowledge of the subject is not limited to his term of office as British Ambassador in Italy. His "experience of Rome (he recalls) covers a period of sixty years since in the winter of 1865-66 the first sight of the city, still occupied by French troops, touched the imagination of a boy arriving from the north by coach."

Here, then, is a wonderful book on Rome, combining the affection of an old resident with the learning of a savant, and the appreciation of an art-lover; teeming, moreover, with unfamiliar historical incident full of human interest. Two passages I note with a special appeal for English readers. One of them recalls the interesting fact that the British flag once flew over the Capitol, after Nelson's naval operations in 1799 that caused the French to evacuate Rome. The other relates to the house in which Keats died, preserved as a memorial of him and Shelley by British and American devotees, including Sir Rennell Rodd himself. "It was formally opened by the King of Italy in 1911, and has now for long been a place of pilgrimage." The library contains over 2000 books, forming "perhaps the most complete bibliography for all that concerns Keats, Shelley, Byron, and their group." At this point, I refreshed my memory of those famous stanzas in "Adonais," beginning—

To that high Capital, where kingly Death  
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,  
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,  
A grave among the eternal.

The moving spirit of modern Rome, not mentioned, apparently, by Sir Rennell Rodd, figures among countless other notabilities in "*EPISODES OF A VARIED LIFE.*" By Lord Conway of Allington, K.B., Litt.D., F.S.A. With thirty-nine illustrations (*Country Life, Ltd.*; 15s.). Lord Conway gives an attractive pen-portrait of the Duce, with whom he and a companion (it was the second Lord

Melchett) had a talk about democracy, Parliamentarism, the party system, and the condition of wage-earners in Italy. "He came forward to greet us with a captivating geniality of aspect and manner. Before a word was said, an atmosphere of cordiality was created. It is his eyes that capture and hold one's attention. They are wonderful eyes." Signor Mussolini drew a distinction between the British Parliament, "controlled by an age-long tradition," and those of other countries. "When it became necessary to do things, and to do them quickly, that system would not work.... In times like ours it is essential for people to work together with as little friction as possible. He kept rubbing his hands together, palm to palm, and rotating them like the wheels of an advancing train. Thus, he said, parties should help one another."

Lord Conway (formerly Sir Martin Conway) has had so varied a life—as explorer, mountaineer, connoisseur and

another. If memory plays him false, why not get some methodical person to arrange his records in order of date, and draw him out upon them each in turn?

Curiously enough, I have just come across another account of the above-mentioned interview with Signor Mussolini in a book of a very different type, from the pen of Lord Conway's companion on that occasion—namely, "*MODERN MONEY*"; A Treatise on the Reform of the Theory and Practice of Political Economy, by Lord Melchett (Secker; 10s. 6d.). Lord Melchett was equally struck with the Duce's magnetic personality, and it is interesting to be able to compare two descriptions of the same incident. He has just been criticising the British Parliament and remarking that the House of Commons needs reform more than the House of Lords. "The first time I met Signor Mussolini," he continues, "we were discussing this very problem when suddenly he jumped up, with that radiant expression that makes him so different from ordinary men, and which seems to emanate from his whole being as much as from his face alone, and said: 'In the old days when things moved slowly and science was backward, the party system was good for Parliamentary Government, particularly for the English, who alone know how to make it work well. But nowadays when the velocity of life is faster, when everything must go—so' (he employed a gesture of rubbing his two flat palms over each other with an inexpressible impression of smooth, well-modulated celerity), 'there is no time for it: the Party system was based on friction. The modern world is based on efficient lubrication.'"

Personally, I do not set up as a financial expert, national or domestic (otherwise I might be free from a chronic pain in my overdraft!), so I cannot attempt any technical discussion of Lord Melchett's remedies for the world's

economic malady, including a dual currency and a Bank of England Discount Corporation. At the same time, he gives me the impression that he knows what he is talking about and that his book demands attention from statesmen and others concerned in this vital problem. That he is not one who considers only the interests of the master and never those of the man, is apparent from certain passages which are particularly relevant to current events.

Recent "civil commotions" in London and elsewhere have raised the bogey of sedition. On this point, Lord Melchett, as always, has something definite and constructive to say. "Revolutions," he writes, "should be unnecessary for intelligent people. Everything that they can achieve can be better achieved by goodwill and common sense, without the destruction and collapse that they invariably produce. They usually occur because those in power are intellectually unable to move forward and to adjust themselves sufficiently rapidly. There is no reason for this to happen in England, but we must have a Supreme Economic Council to guide the development of our economic life."

By yet another road I am again led to the Eternal City in "*THE HISTORY OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS OF ROME.*" By Sir Thomas Cato Worsfold, Bt., F.R.Hist.S., author of "*The French Stonehenge*" and "*Staple Inn and Its Story.*" Illustrated (Rider; 10s. 6d.). Knowing no exhaustive account of them in English, the author has traced the history of the foundation from 715 B.C. to its extinction under Theodosius in A.D. 394.

The Vestals are mentioned, incidentally (in a chapter on religious celibacy), in "*EARLY BELIEFS AND THEIR SOCIAL INFLUENCE.*" By Edward Westermarck, Ph.D., formerly Professor of Sociology in the University of London (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). This is a notable contribution to anthropological study by the author of "*The History of Human Marriage,*" and is based on his lectures at the London School of Economics. His special field of research has been in Morocco. Among the matters discussed are religion, charity, hospitality, criminal law, and respect for private property. Nowadays, when *meum* and *tuum* tend to merge in a Muscovite nostrum, it is a comforting thought that the distinction hitherto observed between them has the support of high tradition.

C. E. B.



FIG. 1. A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BURNT BUILDING AT TEPE HISSAR, NEAR DAMGHAN, NORTHERN PERSIA, WHICH DATES FROM ABOUT 2000 B.C.—FURTHER ILLUSTRATED OVERLEAF: THE FORTIFIED "MANOR HOUSE" OF A HISSAR NOBLE, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

On pages 772 and 773 we illustrate the very interesting discoveries recently made at Tepe Hissar, in Northern Persia, by the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the American Institute for Persian Art and Archaeology, with Dr. Erich Schmidt as Field Director. Both from the archaeological and artistic point of view they are of the greatest interest and importance. The building here theoretically reconstructed by I. Gerasimoff was destroyed by a fire which at the same time preserved its contours and architectural details. The courses of the mud brick walls with their offsets, the vertical buttresses, the look-out foundation, and the only entrance are all beyond doubt. Simple parapets were chosen for the reconstruction, though their form may have been different. Similarly, the walls may have been of slightly different height. On the whole, however, the reconstruction gives an accurate impression of the former building.



FIG. 2. THE NORTHERN END OF THE BURNT BUILDING AT TEPE HISSAR, WHEREIN THE SUDDEN END OF THE OCCUPANTS IN THE CONFLAGRATION PRESERVED FOR US A WEALTH OF MATERIAL.

The fire which destroyed this building, and, presumably, the enemies of the defenders, prevented them from escaping with their belongings and probably stopped the enemies from looting.

*Reproductions by Courtesy of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. Photograph by Dr. Erich Schmidt.*

professor of art, author, archeologist, and Member of Parliament—that it is hardly surprising if he cannot remember it all consecutively. "There are," he tells us, "great blanks in my memory," and even in his own books he comes across passages quite fresh to him. Consequently, he has not adopted the normal chronological method of autobiography. His reminiscences carry the reader with breathless rapidity from Continent to Continent, and the range of his interests and acquaintances appears unlimited. Perhaps his dominant interests, as indicated partly by the proportional space given them in the illustrations, have been climbing, art-collecting, and his Kentish home, Allington Castle, a mediæval relic which, by purchase and restoration, he saved from destruction. This fascinating book is comparatively short in view of his manifold experiences, and I hope that he may supplement it with

## TREASURES FROM A BURNT BUILDING 4000 YEARS OLD; AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. ERICH SCHMIDT; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY



FIG. 3. (LEFT) ORNAMENTS OF A DANCING GIRL, WHO WAS FOUND BURIED IN THE BURNT BUILDING AT TEPE HISSAR; INCLUDING MINIATURE RAMS' HEADS OF LAPIS, TURTLES OF LAPIS AND SILVER, A COPPER LION, AND OTHER ORNAMENTS CUT IN GEOMETRICAL SHAPES.

FIG. 4. (RIGHT) COPPER DAGGERS FROM THE BURNT BUILDING; THAT ON THE LEFT HAVING A BEAUTIFUL CHESSBOARD DESIGN OF SILVER ON THE GRIP; WEAPONS FOUND IN A FORTIFIED SIEGEHOLE WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE AND ITS OCCUPANTS MASSACRED.



FIG. 5. A CACHE OF ABOUT 1500 B.C. BURIED DEEP IN THE DEBRIS OF EARLIER CULTURES; WITH CONTEMPORARY SKELETONS VISIBLE ABOVE; A RICH HOARD OF ARTISTIC AND MILITARY OBJECTS, DESCRIBED IN DETAIL BELOW.

The archaeology of prehistoric Persia has been enriched by recent excavations on the site of Tepe Hissar, near Damghan, not far from the south-east corner of the Caspian Sea. It had been held before that discoveries might well be made on the Iranian plateau linking up the ancient cultures of south-west Turkistan and the Mesopotamian plain. The results of the excavations at Tepe Hissar, which Dr. Erich Schmidt is now working on, are close to those from the fourth millennium B.C. and are not unlikely to produce results of exceptional importance. Those already achieved are extremely interesting.



FIG. 6. AN IMAGINARY RECONSTRUCTION OF A WOMAN OF HISSAR III TIMES, ADORNED WITH DIADEM, EAR-RINGS, AND NECKLACES FROM THE CACHE; A TYPE PREDOMINANTLY CAUCASIAN, WITH SLIGHTLY MONGOLOID FEATURES.

Some of the levels excavated date back to about 2000 B.C., and as our photographs show, are remarkable for the excellence of the artistic work associated with them. Concerning the objects shown on these pages, we submit the following details not included in the titles to the illustrations. Much of this information is derived from a letter to the *Illustrated London News* by Mr. Upton Pope, who, as our readers will remember, has been a frequent contributor on Persian antiquities to "The Illustrated London News"—most recently, with his article on the Luristan discoveries in our issue of

## FROM A BURIED CACHE: ART OF PREHISTORIC PERSIA.

OF THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



FIG. 7. TREASURE FROM THE TEPE HISSAR CACHE (FIG. 5): TRANSLUCENT AND BANDED MINIATURE COLUMNS AND DISCS OF ALABASTER, WHOSE PURPOSE IS PROBLEMATICAL—OBJECTS WHICH ACCOMPANIED COPPER WEAPONS, AND GOLD, SILVER, AND STONE ORNAMENTS.



FIG. 8. FOUND IN THE CACHE: A SPLENDID MOUFLON HEAD OF SHEET GOLD, WITH WIDELY CURVED HOOVES; AND HAVING SEVEN PAIRS OF PERFORATIONS BY WHICH IT COULD BE SEWN TO AN OBJECT OF FABRIC OR LEATHER.



FIG. 9. AN ALABASTER JAR WITH A LONG SPOUT; A BEAUTIFULLY MADE OBJECT RECOVERED FROM ONE OF THE GRAVES OF PROMINENT PEOPLE AT TEPE HISSAR—A TOWN WHOSE HISTORY GOES BACK ABOUT 5000 YEARS.

October 29.—Fig. 3. Near the corner of the burnt building was found buried a dancing girl, whose body and hands were laid out in an elegant dancing pose. She had silver bracelets, bangles, copper rings on her ears, two long coiled armlets, and an exquisite necklace composed of little effigies of turtles made in lapis and silver and a little copper lion. Other objects included carved in lapis, silver tubes and long lapis heads, and other silver, lapis, and turquoise ornaments cut in various geometrical shapes.—Fig. 5. In the cache at Tepe Hissar, dated about 1500 B.C., were found "columns"

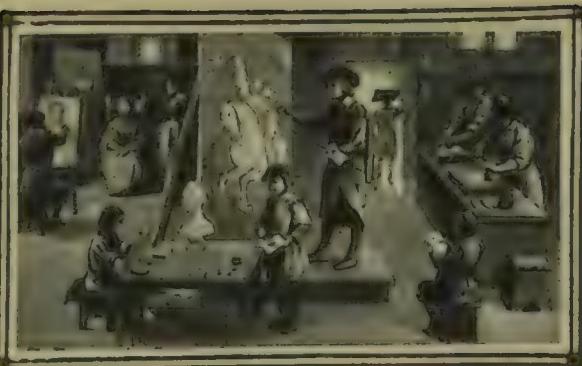


FIG. 10. DISCOVERED IN THE BURNT BUILDING, WHERE, JUDGING FROM THE CHARRED SKELETONS FOUND, THE OCCUPANTS PERISHED IN THE CONFLAGRATION; A GOLD CUP, ONE OF THE MANY SUPERB WORKS OF ART REVEALED BY THE EXCAVATIONS AT TEPE HISSAR.



FIG. 11. A COPPER PLATE, APPARENTLY A LID, FROM THE BURNT BUILDING—REPRESENTING A BUFFALO FELLED BY A LION; THE LION'S HEAD SERVING AS A HANDLE; ONE OF THE FINEST DISCOVERIES FROM TEPE HISSAR.

of alabaster, two of which showed patches of mosaic work in bone. There were also unusually long and broad lance blades, and long slender blades resembling bayonets; copper bowls, maceheads, and double-edged swords; small, roughly hewn heads of gold, which, though shaped like handles when found, could easily be bent to their original shape; and objects of feminine adornment—beautiful necklaces of gold and stones, and a gold diadem and ear pendants.—Fig. 6. The cranial material of Stratum III, at Hissar suggests the type reconstructed.—On page 771 we give further illustrations.



**I**N writing a notice of an exhibition such as the one now on view at the galleries of Messrs. Sparks, one is tempted to take the catalogue, enumerate solemnly the various items contained therein, add a bright word or two about each, assume a pedagogic omniscience, and leave the reader suitably impressed or bored according to his individual temperament. It is an easy method, governed solely by the amount of ink available, but scarcely likely to commend itself to those who rightly demand an attitude on the part of the critic more attuned to his and their doubts and hesitations—by which I mean that, while every item in this exhibition is authentic and very choice of its kind, certain examples seem to require an explanation if their meaning is to be plain, and I am not so sure that the explanations suggested here is necessarily the correct one. It is more than possible that by the time this article appears in print someone more learned than myself will have seen the exhibition and cleared up one or two points which to me are still obscure—which is another way of



1. A GREY CHINESE TILE OF ABOUT 300 B.C., DECORATED WITH A HORSE AND A TREE: A DESIGN WHICH, PARTICULARLY IN THE TREE, DEPENDS ON A FLOWING GEOMETRICAL PATTERN WHICH IS REMINISCENT OF "NEAR-EASTERN" STYLES.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. J. Sparks, 128, Mount Street.

story. One is forced to the horse, so obviously having something to do with the tree, is not intended to be, like the tree, a Western importation.

Another puzzle is Fig. 2, a square column of about the same age as the tile crowned by a figure as mysterious and grotesque as the well-known monuments from Easter Island. As far as I know—and once again I am careful to avoid dogmatism—an exact parallel to this forbidding creature is not to be found in any collection in this country. Presumably it was a tomb guardian whose function was to scare away evil spirits; if so, it must be considered as the immediate predecessor of those fierce warriors, by this time tolerably familiar to everyone interested in T'ang Dynasty pottery, who performed the same essential and useful function a few centuries later.

At the risk of repetition I have once again to remark upon the Chinese potter's understanding of animals, whether in repose or violent movement (Fig. 4)—and the greyhound (Fig. 3) in a brown glazed pottery seems to me unusually attractive. I call him a greyhound with some diffidence, for his tail is a trifle incongruous. A much later (Ming period) wooden mule also has his points, some mildly humorous, all of high quality.

A very interesting little collection of a type of pottery and porcelain rarely seen in this country is a series of pieces excavated in Indo-China (Thakoa) and, for want of more definite information, attributed to the fourteenth century or earlier. To study this type properly one has to visit the Musée Guimet in Paris. It is rather coarse, very decorative, not expensive, and has very obvious affinities with Chinese porcelain of the Ming Dynasty.

Lest I gave the impression that this exhibition is concerned solely with very early excavated objects, I hasten to add that it also contains a multitude of later pieces of that quality of craftsmanship which drives European potters to despair. I suppose the most important piece is a large Ming vase with a long



2. THE CHARM OF CHINESE ANIMAL POTTERY: AN ENGAGING T'ANG PERIOD DOG WHICH HAS ALL THE APPEARANCE OF A GREYHOUND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ITS MAGNIFICENT BUSHY TAIL!

saying that this is an uncommonly interesting show: for a thing one can argue about is always twice as exciting as a sure and certain fact.

Take, for example, the interesting tile of Fig. 1—a grey slab of about 300 A.D., with an incised decoration of a house and a tree. We are all agreed about what this is, but are we necessarily all agreed as to how and why this particular horse and tree came to be imprisoned in a durable material in exactly this manner? To me this tree, with its formal arabesques, is by no means indigenous to China (I

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

POTTERY, PORCELAIN, AND JADE: AN EXHIBITION IN MOUNT STREET.

By FRANK DAVIS.

speak of art, not of botany); it has surely something in common with those flowing geometrical patterns we label vaguely, after seeing the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House, as Near-Eastern. Are this tile and its two fellows yet other links in the chain connecting the ancient China with the wild and mysterious civilisations—Indo-Scythian, Iranian, and the rest—which provided the Chinese with their first contacts with the greater world? This is a purely tentative suggestion, which I am quite prepared to find will not survive a close examination, but it is at least specious and—what is more to the point in a short notice—does give an indication of the sort of entralling little problem one comes up against at the most casual inspection of an exhibition of this character. By a coincidence I happened to mention in a review of Dr. Yetts' catalogue of the Eumoropoulos Buddhist sculpture last week the tradition of the Chinese expedition Westwards in pursuit of a better horse than was to be found in the ancient kingdom; and Mr. Pope, in a previous number, had also referred to this well-known

query whether *this*

neck and onion-shaped top and a body decorated with dragons in five-colour enamels, marked with the Wan-Li characters. There are two or three notable specimens of that glorious colour, *sang-de-boeuf*, a very beautiful *blanc de Chine* Kwanyin, seated on a rock, and a number of celadon pieces—will anyone ever achieve just this delicate shade of green again?

A small collection of jade contains some excellent examples of the eighteenth century. An interesting piece is a large greenish-white Koro and cover, on three legs and with handles formed of dragon heads with rings. The cover has a band of openwork carving of the eight Buddhist emblems, and is surmounted by two lion-dogs. So far superb, but this notable Koro is inlaid with semi-precious stones, which I find unnecessary, for the material itself requires no additional adornment. I understand that this piece was undoubtedly made for the Indian market, which demanded—and still demands—a richness of decoration a little alien to our own notions of what is permissible.

Less ingenious and complicated, but of the very highest quality, is a white jade bowl with a ram's head—a piece whose restraint and admirable proportions make more elaborate carvings look almost vulgar by comparison. Finest of all is a large deeply-cut brush-pot in a dark green jade. I would, by the way, venture to advise visitors who did not happen to see the last show at these galleries to demand a sight of a little lacquer figure which will surely take their breath away: it is most exquisite.



4. A REMARKABLE RENDERING OF VIOLENT MOVEMENT IN POTTERY: A T'ANG PERIOD FIGURE OF A WOMAN RIDING A GALLOPING HORSE.

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MADEIRA, THE LITTLE GARDEN ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC: A VIEW OF FUNCHAL HARBOUR FROM THE GROUNDS OF REID'S PALACE HOTEL, SHOWING THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS, CLOTHED TO THEIR SUMMITS WITH TROPICAL VEGETATION.

Madeira is visited by the Cunard liner "Berengaria" during her New Year's Eve cruise to witness the firework festival, to which practically every resident in the island contributes.

**I**N these days of perplexity regarding the more serious affairs of everyday life, it may sound frivolous to suggest that even the winter vacation, which has become more a necessity than a luxury to many dwellers in these chilly islands, is beset with a greater variety of problems than usual. First, there is the important question of cost. In many popular fields of travel big reductions have been made to meet the decrease in the spending power of the public. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the winter and spring cruises organised by British shipping companies. Even when a sea cruise has been decided upon, the average man or woman may well be excused bewilderment. Such is the variety of pleasure voyages offered, that an analysis is necessary if value is to be obtained in regard, not only to expenditure, but also to such closely related questions as duration of voyage, size and type of ship, and climate and interest of the places to be visited.

There are few cruising grounds to compare with the Mediterranean in the glorious months of its early summer. Among the many fine vessels destined to cruise in this ancient sea during the early part of the New Year are the two 20,000-ton Canadian Pacific "Duchess" liners. The special features of these pleasure voyages are visits to Lisbon, the Portuguese capital; the great rock fortress of Gibraltar, overlooking the Straits and Spain; Palma, in the Island of Majorca, with its cypress trees, its flowers, and its bathing beaches; Barcelona, with its gay Ramblas, its bull-fights, its atmosphere of both the new and the old Spain; and Algiers and Ceuta, with their quaint, dazzling white Arab houses, teeming *súks* (or native markets) and their veiled women. The first of these cruises begins at a time when the long winter, with its absence of sunshine, has created in many people either a keen desire for a change of scene or an imperative necessity for warmth and sunshine after illness. Nineteen or thirty-five pounds seem but small expenditures for such health-giving vacations at times of the year when they are most necessary.

Further afield, most delightful round voyages are arranged by the P. and O. Company. One can leave London almost any Friday by a mail steamer of from 17,000 to 22,000 tons, outward-bound for Australia or the Far East. In the former case, the voyage will occupy just over three months. For example, one can board the *Maloja* at Tilbury on Jan. 31 and, after a stay of two days at Marseilles, cruise through the Mediterranean to the Suez Canal.



EGYPT AS A HOLIDAY CENTRE OF CHARM AND INTEREST ALMOST UNEQUALLED NORTH OF THE EQUATOR: A STREET IN CAIRO THAT HAS THE LOOK OF AN ILLUSTRATION TO THE "THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS."

Almost at the gateway of Egypt stands old and new Cairo. Here East meets West in a blaze of colour and incongruity. This venerable African city has the old Arab Mousky, a tortuous labyrinth of bazaars, and it has some of the world's most famous caravanserais. Egypt can be easily and comfortably reached by a voyage on the Bibby Line.

## THE FLIGHT FROM THE GLOOM OF A NORTHERN WINTER: WINTER TRAVEL AND SPORT IN LANDS OF PERPETUAL SUNSHINE AND GAIETY.

The ten days' run across the Indian Ocean usually causes the swimming-pool to become the most popular place on board. Then comes Colombo, with all the vivid light and colour of the Tropics, followed by a ten-days' voyage across a southern sea to Fremantle, the first port in Australia. Over the blue waters of the Great Australian Bight lies Adelaide, where the ship may be left for a twenty-days' jaunt into the heart of the Continent.

During the voyage round Australia, the next port of call is Melbourne, where a stay of

nearly two days enables this fine city to be explored at leisure. At Sydney, the largest and brightest city of the Commonwealth, over two days is allowed ashore. Surf-riding at Manly and Bondi forms one of its attractive features. The voyage up the Queensland coast to Brisbane is a most delightful experience, and in this tropical capital there is a stay of about two-and-a-half-days before the homeward voyage is commenced. In all these places of the Antipodes the ship can be used as a hotel.

"A new note in winter cruising"—this is how the Royal Mail Line describes the forthcoming voyage of their popular ship *Atlantis*. Round Africa, calling at eleven ports in nine different countries during fifty-seven glorious days of sunny adventure, is a programme which certainly seems to justify the title of novelty. Commencing at Southampton on Feb. 3, the first visit is to the French Riviera; then across the Mediterranean to Egypt, where two days are spent ashore visiting Cairo, the Pyramids, and the desert. Next come four days' steaming in the Red Sea, and then Aden, with its mysterious crater-tanks of ancient Persian origin and its camel-choked streets.

Still steaming south across the mirror-bright waters of the Indian Ocean, with mornings spent in the ship's bathing-pool and evenings of gala dinners, dances, and concerts, the coast of Africa passes in review until Mombasa is reached. Here is the East Africa of the imagination. From Mombasa, those

who sail south in the *Atlantis* will doubtless elect to travel far inland, across the big-game country of the Athi Plateau to Nairobi, the capital of Kenya Colony. Alternatively, however, there is Zanzibar, on the isle of cloves, the largest native city on the east coast of Africa. Being a free port, its bazaars are heavily stocked with all the silks and the curios of the Orient.

The next two thousand miles carry the traveller southwards to Durban, the chief seaside resort of Natal. Here there are barbarically-attired Zulu rickshaw boys, palm-fringed promenades, fine buildings, and delightful surf-bathing beaches. Then comes Cape Town, the twin-capital, with Pretoria, of the Union of South Africa. There are few more delightful places in the world than this Riviera of the Southern Hemisphere, which has its summer season in full swing from December to April. There are several hundred miles of fine motor roads, traversing some of the most beautiful scenery in the whole of South



LOOKING DOWN ON ONE OF THE GAY RAMBLAS OF BARCELONA: IMMEMORIAL SPAIN'S MOST MODERN CITY.

Barcelona, with its bull-fights and its atmosphere of both the new and old Spain, as well as Algiers and Ceuta, Lisbon and Majorca, is visited by the two Canadian Pacific "Duchess" liners on their Mediterranean cruise.

Africa. The homeward route of the *Atlantis* is by way of St. Helena, with its relics of Napoleon, Sierra Leone, the land of the negro and the oil-palm, and Las Palmas, the winter resort of the Canary Islands.

For those people who require a respite from cold and gloom, but to whom the sea cruise makes no appeal, there is Madeira, the little garden-island of the Atlantic. This may be reached by the 52,000-ton Cunard liner *Berengaria*, during her special New Year's Eve cruise to witness the famous firework festival, to which practically every resident in the island contributes. The mountains, which form such an impressive sight as the vessel drops anchor in Funchal Bay, rise to a height of nearly 6000 feet, and are clothed almost to their summits with luxuriant vegetation. A mountain railway conveys passengers from Funchal over the romantic Little Curral to the summit of the Terreiro da Lucta, 3000 feet above sea-level. The view from this eminence extends over the entire island. The descent to the town is made either by railway or the more exciting mountain sledge.

The little town of Funchal is a picturesque chaos of white villas, green-balconied bungalows, and red roofs extending up a steep mountain side. Here the visitor may laze away the day in the sea-gardens of the magnificent Reid's Hotel, bathe from the private beach, ride in a bullock-cart, or simply wander without set purpose through the quaint streets of curio and lace shops.

In the evening there is the adjoining casino, and, above all, the moonlit waters of the South Atlantic.

There is a strange lure in the unexplored, the virgin jungle, and nature untamed. These are the principal attractions of the cruise by Booth liner to the mysterious Amazon. Although the palm-fringed lagoons of Northern Brazil are the objective of this pleasure voyage, there are days spent on the Portuguese Riviera, in the Island of Madeira, and steaming across the azure wastes.

[Continued overleaf.]

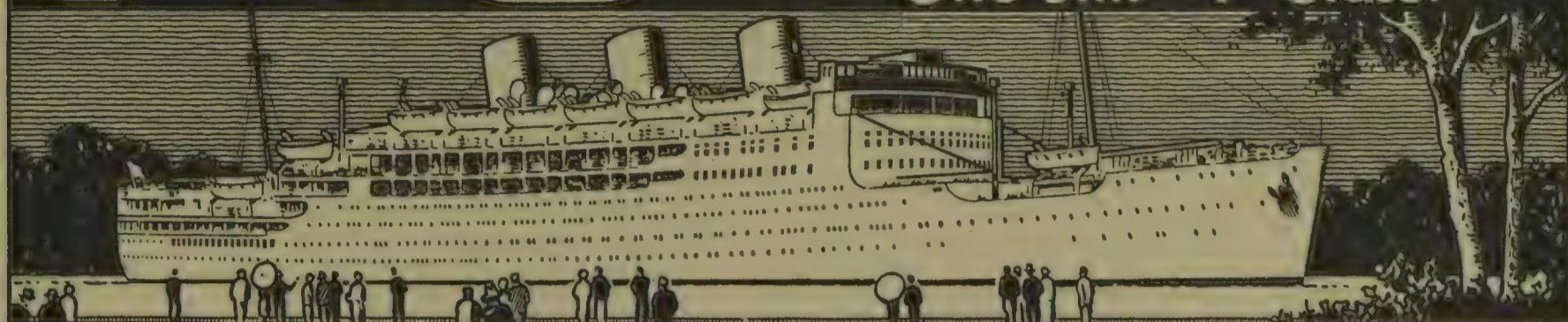


WHERE THE WORLD'S GREATEST RIVER BREEDS THE WORLD'S LARGEST FRESH-WATER FISH: A CATCH OF PIRARUCU ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON, SOME OF WHICH REACH 300 LB., AND PROVIDE WONDERFUL SPORT. As the writer of the article on this page observes, "there is a strange lure in the unexplored, the virgin jungle, and nature untamed." These are at the back of the attraction of the cruise by Booth liner to the mysterious Amazon; which, as our illustration shows, can also offer remarkable opportunities to the sportsman.

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*Continued* from the South Atlantic. Para, the interesting port on the lower reaches of the great Amazon, stands on the spot where the early Portuguese explorers first landed in the New World. To-day it is a half-modern and half-ancient town of glittering walls and red-tiled roofs in a sea of palms, waving their fronds from the gentle trade-wind.

From Para, over a thousand miles, the liner winds her way through narrow lanes of silt, yellow flood, between the green walls of the great forest, past curious native pine-dwellings, birds and butterflies of brilliant hue, and vast watery fields of the giant Victoria Regia lily. There are days ashore in Manaus, a town built on the *Ultima Thule* of the world, Amazonia amid all the wonders of the greatest equatorial forest in the world. Amazonia has an incomparable beauty of its own.

To the semi-savaged dwellers in northern lands, Egypt offers a winter holiday of almost unequalled charm and interest. This land of sandy deserts, palms, mud villages, glistening white cities, temples, tombs, and palaces, the very ancient and the very modern—traversed by the Nile, a ribbon of blue water, which is the life-blood of the country—casts a strange spell over all who have eyes for colour and spirits receptive of romance.

In this Land of the Pharaohs there is the lure of antiquity combined with an incomparable winter climate. There are the star-gazing paths of bright stars; the magic hour of sunset; palaces silhouetted like black starfish against the sky; the painted and jewel-filled tombs of the ancients; the shadowy palaces and temples of one of the world's earliest civilisations; the gaiety and social life of Cairo and Luxor; and the mysterious stillness of the desert. At the gateway of this wondrous land stands Old and New Cairo, where East meets West in a blaze of colour and incongruity. This great African city has the old Arab Mousky, a tortuous labyrinth of bazaars, and it has some of the world's most famous caravanserais.

Not only can Egypt be expeditiously and comfortably reached from England by the Bibby Line, which also offers pleasure voyages at reasonable



A FANTASTIC FIGURE IN THE DAILY LIFE OF A MODERN CITY: A ZULU RICKSHAW BOY—ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF DURBAN.

Durban is one of the places visited by the Royal Mail liner "Atlantis" in her round-Africa cruise. She also touches at Egypt, Aden, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Cape Town, St. Helena, and Sierra Leone.

rates to the French Riviera and to Ceylon and Burma, but special arrangements have been made by the principal Egyptian hotel proprietors for changes to be made in the duration of the stay, so that one may be staying for a period of one month or longer. It is now possible to arrange monthly terms with the privilege of changing from Cairo to Luxor and Assuan. This should do much to bring Egypt on to the winter-sunshine map of the man or woman of moderate means.

To what an extent the sea cruise has supplanted the overland tour will be apparent from the variety of short cruises taking place during the coming winter and early spring. The "Atlantis," of the Royal Mail Company, will leave Southampton in December for a seventeen-days' Christmas cruise in the Mediterranean. The special motor-liner "Athena" is to perform a three-days' Christmas cruise to the shores of Spain; and the White Star vessel "Homeric" has a most delightful fortnight planned for the mid-winter holiday season in the sub-tropical Atlantic Islands.

CHARLES W. DONVILLE-FIFE.

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## THE CALL OF THE SUDAN.

DURING recent years the Sudan has become a favourite winter resort for those who wish to make sure of blue skies and warm sunshine while Europe is bathed in gloom. Here such modern conveniences as hotels and sleeping-cars are found side by side with barbarism, for the vast Sudan—almost as large as British India—has not yet been spoilt. The cry of "bakhish" is never heard; but it is no uncommon occurrence to put one's head out of the railway-carriage window when the train de luxe from either Egypt or Port Sudan passes through in the midst of a crowd of natives, and see a forest of glittering spears carried by cavalry trains who have come from the surrounding desert to do their shopping in the local native market.

There are two ways of approaching the Sudan. One is through its own front door on the Red Sea, which can be reached by ocean liner direct from England; and the other is from Cairo, up the Nile Valley. In this latter case the first town of the Northern Sudan is Wadi Halfa, where there is much to interest the traveller. This Nubian reach of the Nile is studded on both banks with ancient temples, and other remains of those mysterious ages about which so little is known. Here is a hill-top outpost of the Roman Empire; away in the sand-rimmed desert is a temple of Isis; then comes a Nubian castle and a wonderful monument of the work of the early Egyptians. Above all, there is



IN THE PICTURESQUE SUDAN: BUYING AND SELLING GRAIN IN THE MARKET AT OMDURMAN—THE GRAIN LYING IN HEAPS ON THE GROUND AND BEING SOLD BY MEASURE INSTEAD OF BY WEIGHT.

During recent years the Sudan has become a favourite European winter resort. It may be reached either through its own "front door" on the Red Sea (by ocean liner direct from England), or via Cairo up the Nile Valley.

the desert camp for travellers organised, under Government supervision, by a local sheikh. Here one may spend the warm sunny days riding or motoring over the limitless sands of the great Sahara, and returning to watch the orange of the African sunset turn to a purple mist, to see the Bedouin camp fires, and to sleep beneath the desert stars.

In Wadi Halfa there is a railway, over which the "Desert Mail" runs southwards across the land of the mirage to the capital of the Sudan. Raised over 1,000 feet above sea-level, Khartoum is by no means hot, and mosquitoes are almost unknown, during the months of November to March. In addition to the cooling effect of altitude, there is also a prevailing northerly breeze to ruffle the amazingly prolific palm-gardens. Here the traveller has the comfortable Grand Hotel, facing the Blue Nile, for a rendezvous. This historic city has many features of interest and a gay winter season.

In the Northern Sudan the home of 10,000,000 people of most of the races of North-Central Africa. Among the sights of this black metropolis is the great market, where ivory is fashioned, silver worked, spears beaten, chain armour wrought, and slippers sewn and stained, while the white-robed thousands watch or pass by and the purchaser waits. Proceeding south of Khartoum on the journey down the African corridor to Uganda, Kenya, or Cape Town, there is a most interesting river voyage of over 1,000 miles on the Government steamer, equipped with every device for tropical comfort, up the White Nile. The way lies through the big-game country, where hippopotamus, rhinoceros in the tall grass, wild boar, antelope, giraffe, or lion. From Juba, terminus of the Sudan steamer, the journey to Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, a distance of 700 miles, can be accomplished entirely by motor-car, or a return can be made to Khartoum.

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**S**WISS winter sports! The mere mention of them is sufficient to bring to the minds of those who have once sampled their joys a vivid mental picture of a bright, scintillating world of frolic and fun high above the sombre grey clouds on the roof of Europe. This fascination of the Alpine wonderland lies not



THE THRILL OF WINTER SPORTS: A FINE SKI-JUMP AT FLIMS, GRISONS.

only in the thrill of skiing and bobsledding, the exhilaration of skating on a sunlit lake of ice, the evenings spent in the ball-rooms of the chalet-like hotels perched high above the clouds, but, more than all else, in the meeting of youth where youth can shed some of the irksome restrictions of ultra-civilisation.

## WINTER SPORTS.

There is, of course, the radiant purity of the Alpine snows, the clean, invigorating air of great altitude, the brilliant sunlight, the blue skies above the cloud-filled valleys, and the sparkle of a million frost crystals on every twig and leaf. These, however, compose the environment—the atmosphere—in which the comedies and the dramas of emancipated youth are played with all the *joie de vivre* of perfect health in a perfect winter playground.

Many people find it difficult to imagine snow and ice all around and yet a hot sun pouring down its life-giving rays all day and most days from the middle of December to the end of February. Yet such is the case, and one is tempted to probe the ice of skating rink and bobsleigh run to make sure that it is not melting under the warm rays which are bronzing the human skin and enabling exercise, and even rest, to be enjoyed in the open with overcoat or wrap. This phenomenon is, however, not so inexplicable as it may seem. During the five or six hours of sunshine the temperature is often considerable, as the sun's rays are reflected upwards from glittering ice and snowfields. With the setting of the sun, however, the thermometer tells a different tale, and many degrees of frost are registered when the Alpine world gleams silver-white in the brilliant moonlight and merry parties are dancing the hours away in steam-heated hotels.

For the novice and the younger members of Society who have a fortnight or three weeks which they would like

to spend at the winter sports, but who do not care to go alone, and, moreover, require to be suitably introduced into the fascinating life of these house parties above the clouds, some new and interesting arrangements are being made by Thomas Cook and Son. Initiation Parties are being formed, at a very reasonable inclusive charge, at various winter sport resorts. These parties will be under the supervision of a lady and gentleman having a knowledge of snow sports and social life in the High Alps. This year, even those in their early 'teens are being specially catered for. Hotels have been set aside at certain resorts for parties of boys under responsible supervision; and similar arrangements have been made

[Continued opposite.]



WINTER SPORTS AMONG FANTASTIC SWISS BEAUTY: A GENERAL VIEW OF AROSA, THE WELL-KNOWN SKI-ING CENTRE IN THE GRISONS.

For the novice and the younger members of society who have a fortnight or three weeks that they would like to spend "winter-sporting," there are some new and interesting arrangements now being made by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son. These ensure their being suitably introduced to the fascinating life of the house parties above the clouds.

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for its existence in Winter Sports. In those lovely lands devoted to winter sports, winter is transformed from a liability to an asset. To help most of winter's opportunities, Cook's publish comprehensive handbooks called "WINTER SPORTS"—

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**INITIATION PARTIES**  
For the inexperienced Cook's are again arranging initiation parties, which have proved an unqualified success in past seasons. Each party is accompanied by a host and hostess, and expert instruction in skiing and all other forms of winter sports is given. 16 days—£23 inclusive cost.

The leaflets and handbooks mentioned above are obtainable free from any office of

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in neighbouring hosteries for house-parties of the younger members of the opposite sex. The inclusive charges are so reasonable that those wishing to give young people a healthy and enjoyable Christmas holiday would do well to obtain particulars of these arrangements.

The attraction of the sunny, scintillating hours before lunch is the skating-rink. This large sheet of ice, surrounded by snow-banks, is gay with skaters in bright attire, sailing round in the still bracing air and frost glitter. Old and young respond to the uplift of the Alpine morning. The hum of steel on ice, the rhythmic beat of the orchestra in tune with the whirling, lissom figures that pass swiftly by, the flirtations, the absence of care, are all highly infectious in the keen air and sunshine.

Although most winter sport centres are situated high above the normal cloud-line; few are without a funicular railway for carrying the sportsman and his gear from the lofty valley or plateau on which has been built the village of seasonal shops, log chalets and fine hotels, up to the summit of one of the minor giants around. The slope down from

this peak into the resort below is used for the bob-sleigh and luge tracks, as well as by ski-runners. For this reason there is usually a gay pilgrimage from the hotels to the little station of this mountain railway in the early hours of every afternoon.

When the train comes to a standstill at the top of the toboggan run, among the snow-burdened pines near the timber line, sweaters of all shades and patterns climb out of the carriages. The large steel sleds and the little wooden luges are lifted out of the railway trucks and pulled to where tobogganers are waiting, at the top of a tube-like ice run, to enjoy in turn the exhilarating rush down the two or three miles of steep track into the village below. High above lie the ski-fields, where experts are glissading down slopes with waves of snow-foam rippling from the curved points of their long Norwegian footgear, while novices are floundering, to the accompaniment of much laughter, in the soft beds of the "Nursery Slopes."

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OF all the great figures of the past, Socrates presents one of the most difficult problems to the biographer. Very few facts are known for certain about the life and thought of a man whose influence was immense both on his own generation and on posterity. In "Socrates," by A. E. Taylor (Peter Davies; 5s.), the author succeeds in giving, in a small compass, a lucid and penetrating account of the philosopher's life and doctrines. In order to do so, Mr. Taylor, who is Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University, accepts as substantially true the information about Socrates that Plato has left us, and in a well-argued introductory justifies this straightforward course. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature on "the man we hold best, wisest, most upright of his age."

Yet that was not the universal judgment of Socrates passed on him by men of later days. "A pest of a fellow" was the view once expressed by Macaulay—as Mr. Arthur Bryant records in his biography of the historian, entitled "Macaulay" (Peter Davies; 5s.). The downright Liberal with the prodigious memory, who boasted "that if every copy of 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' were

## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW: BIOGRAPHIES AND NOVELS OF THE DAY.



MR. ARTHUR BRYANT,  
AUTHOR OF "MACAULAY."

Mr. Arthur Bryant, author of "King Charles II," has just published a short biography of Macaulay, which is reviewed on this page. He is contributing an exceedingly interesting story to "The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number, to be published on November 28.

destroyed, he could replace them out of his own head," is sympathetically treated by this biographer; and in this intimate study the real gentleness and generosity of the great historian are recorded with more emphasis than the petulance and partisanship which were some of his less endearing traits.

A third in this publisher's new series of short biographies is "Prince Charlie." By Compton Mackenzie (Peter Davies; 5s.). It is a worthy member of a series, attractive in appearance and low in price, in which the character of each subject is of perennial interest and the ability of each biographer unquestioned.

From the same publisher comes "Decline and Fall of the Labour Party." By John Scanlon (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.). The author of this very sincere book traces the events which have led up to the political situation of 1932, and bitterly criticises the Labour Party for its failure to live up to Socialist ideals.

A story of life in the film world is told by James Wedgwood Drawbell in "Film Lady" (Collins; 7s. 6d.). Behind the scenes, both in Elstree and Hollywood, he finds material for a novel whose heroine is an ambitious film actress. At the outset she is working at Elstree, and, though already famous, is handicapped by indifferent directing. A young electrician, with experience of Hollywood, meets and criticises her, and, in the end, directs her in a Hollywood film. The finish of the story is both

plausible and unexpected. Mr. Drawbell, who shows throughout an intimate knowledge of the life he is describing, has written an extremely entertaining book.

No halo of romance is thrown round the head of the hero in "My Bones Will Keep." By Maurice Richardson (Collins; 7s. 6d.). With occasional flashes of grim humour he sketches the life of a young man from childhood to the end of his University days. It is a magnificent rake's progress, in which the hero passes through innumerable love affairs and bouts of drunkenness. Spoilt by indulgent parents and sent, during the years of the war, to a preparatory school that might have been specially made to produce patients for the psycho-analyst, Thomas Swayne, by the time he gets ploughed in his finals at Oxford, has become the perfect wastrel. The whole story is told, somewhat after the manner of Ernest Hemingway, with brutal realism; the dialogue is admirably

natural; and the characters in the book, most of them women whom Thomasseduces, are drawn with uncompromising directness.

It remains to mention a novel of a very different type—where the smell of the pub is replaced by the scent of Irish meadows. Horses and fox-hunting fill the pages of "Conversation Piece." By M. J. Farrell (Collins; 7s. 6d.). Finally, there is an exquisite study of childhood—"Eternity in an Hour." By Vernon Knowles. (Collins; 6s.).



MR. MAURICE RICHARDSON,  
AUTHOR OF "MY BONES WILL KEEP."



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## DECLINE AND FALL OF THE LABOUR PARTY

JOHN SCANLON

Prefatory Note by James Maxton, M.P.

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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

"BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST."

M R. WILLIAM WALTON, the composer of "Belshazzar's Feast," which has just been performed for the second time by Dr. Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, is one of the most gifted of our young English composers. He belongs to the post-war generation of English musicians. He was born in Lancashire in 1902, and his first composition to be brought to public notice was the String Quartet, which was chosen by the jury for the Salzburg Festival in 1923. A Viola Concerto, which has been played frequently by Mr. Lionel Tertis, made a decided impression on musicians for its ingenuity and excellent craftsmanship, but his latest composition, "Belshazzar's Feast," is a work on a much bigger scale.

It is a sort of cantata for mixed choir, baritone solo, and large orchestra. The words have been put together by Mr. Osbert Sitwell, and are a dramatised form of the narrative of the fall of Babylon in the Book of Daniel, and also incorporate parts of Psalms 137 and 81.

The work opens with a chorus, "Thus Spake Isaiah"—

Thy sons that thou shalt beget,  
They shall be taken away  
And be eunuchs  
In the Palace of the Kings of Babylon.  
Howl ye, howl ye, therefore:  
For the day of the Lord is at hand!

This very effective opening is followed by another chorus, a setting of Psalm 137, beginning—

By the waters of Babylon,  
There we sat down; yea, we wept,  
And hanged our harps upon the willows.

On a second hearing, I did not find this chorus any more convincing than on the first hearing; it is ingenious, but rather conventional. Next comes a baritone solo, which is an effective piece of declamation, beginning with the words—

Babylon was a great city.

After this comes what seems to me the most effective section of the work. It is the chorus beginning—

In Babylon Belshazzar the King made a great feast.

The orchestral writing here is extremely vigorous and has a quality of energy and excitement which is notable. Then comes a chorus introduced by the baritone, beginning—

Praise ye the God of Gold,

and continuing the Hymn of Praise for the gods of Silver, Iron, Wood, Stone, and Brass. This is treated by the composer in a descriptive realistic style reminiscent of Richard Strauss. The quality of the music improves, however, at the next chorus, which returns to the theme of the Feast of Belshazzar. It leads to an effective baritone solo describing the writing on the wall—

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.

The baritone solo has a very effective conclusion on the words—

In the night was Belshazzar the King slain and his kingdom divided.

The work concludes with a choral Hymn of Thanksgiving—

Then sing aloud to God our strength:  
Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

There is a certain energy and vividness in the writing of this chorus which makes an undoubted effect. There is no doubt that this composition has many merits, and is probably, on the whole, the most important composition by any young English composer in the last five years. To me, however, even on a second hearing, it lacks the character of a really creative work and, therefore, leaves one's judgment still suspended as to how far Mr. Walton is capable of going. That he is greatly gifted, there can be no doubt. The present performance, under Dr. Adrian Boult, was better than on the first occasion, and Mr. Dennis Noble was excellent in the baritone solos.

## BEETHOVEN SONATAS.

Mr. Schnabel pursues his way through the complete Beethoven Pianoforte Sonatas. At his fourth recital at the Queen's Hall on Thursday evening, Nov. 3, he played the following five sonatas: A flat major, Opus 26; D minor, Opus 31, No. 2; C minor, Opus 10, No. 1; F major, Opus 10, No. 2; and E flat major, Opus 81a. Every one of these is, in its way, a masterpiece, and they were all superbly played to

a most enthusiastic audience. There are three recitals still to come, including the famous "Hammerklavier Sonata," and the last, perhaps the greatest, sonata Beethoven wrote, Opus 3 in C minor, which will conclude the programme of the recital on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 12.

W. J. TURNER.

## "FOR SERVICES RENDERED," AT THE GLOBE.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM's latest play is a gripping piece of work. His is a bitter theme, the after-tragedy of war, when life must be lived though the glory has gone, and he handles it like the master dramatist he is. The scene is laid in the home of a small country-town solicitor. All the characters are superbly played, and so real do they seem that it is as if the fourth wall of a house has been removed that we may spy upon the family circle. A pathetic moment is where the blinded son learns that his sister frets at the task of ministering to him. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke plays the son with immense restraint and corresponding effectiveness. Indeed, the acting throughout is of a very high order. "For Services Rendered" is not entertainment for those who take the theatre lightly, but it can hardly fail to impress the thoughtful.

## A CHRISTMAS MARKET.

AT the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, on Nov. 22, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke will open, at 3 p.m., a Christmas Market in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital. Among the patronesses are Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Westminster, Violet Duchess of Rutland, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. On the stalls will be a variety of articles suitable for Christmas purposes, as presents or otherwise. For example, one stall offers "Anything and Everything," and will be in charge of Mrs. William Graham, Mrs. Philip Guedalla, Sophy Lady Hall, Lady Plender, Lady Robertson, and others. Another, for bulbs and plants, will be presided over by the Countess of Lytton, Mrs. Hamilton Stephenson, and helpers. The Market will also be open on Nov. 23.



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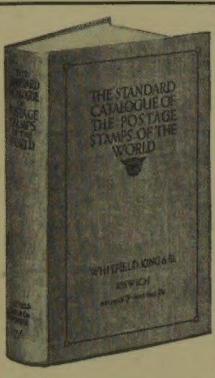
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PHILATELISTS in Italy have not disguised their chagrin at the postal authorities of the Vatican City for entrusting an enterprising Belgian with the production of the next stamps for that sovereign State. Many excellent and original stamp designs have emanated from Italy in the past few years, but they have been printed by the photogravure process, which has not yet established any superiority to the steel-plate engraving method for postage stamps. Most experts still favour the steel-plate engraving for the necessary security against counterfeiting. The Belgian in question is M. Gaston Stalins, who founded recently in Paris the Institut de Gravure, and has succeeded in the partial conversion of the French and Colonial stamp authorities to the use of line-engraved stamps.

The new Austrian charity stamp, 50 + 50 groschen, blue, is a miniature work of art well up to the standard of the best productions of the Austrian State Printing Works at Vienna. Designed by Dr. Rudolf Junk, the painter, and engraved by Ferdinand Lorber, it presents a portrait of Dr. Ignaz Seipel, a former Federal Chancellor of Austria. It is a steel-plate production, and is a forerunner of a series of stamps which, in addition to paying postage, will gather in funds for welfare work. The other stamps to come will depict some of Austria's greatest artists.

The French colony of Gaboon, in the Congo region of Equatorial Africa, has been more fortunate in its stamp designers than many of the other colonies. There is no bolder or more effective design than the "native warrior" type of 1910, which was the subject of a claim for infringement of copyright when first issued. A new set has just appeared in four designs, of which the most arresting is the Pahquine beauty on the postage-due series. The ordinary stamps are divided between a scene on the Ogoue River, a portrait of the explorer, Savorgnan de Brazza, and a view of a typical Gaboon village. There are twenty-two postage and eleven postage-due denominations.

The eighty-fifth birthday anniversary of President von Hindenburg was marked in Germany by the issue of a set of seven stamps bearing his portrait on a medallion. With inscriptions reduced to a minimum, and complete absence of ornamentation, the design has strength and dignity. The values are 4, 5, 12, 15, 25, 40, and 50 pfennig.

There is much to be said for the adoption of an unusual shape for stamps intended for special services. Latvia has used the triangular shape for its air mail stamps since 1921, and the shape enables air mail to be quickly segregated from ordinary mail. The 25 centi blue illustrated has just been issued, printed on paper with the "swastika" watermark.

There is to be a big philatelic exhibition in Bucharest this month, and the Roumanian Post Office is aiding it by reproducing a special commemorative stamp. It is to be an engraved stamp, printed in "sheets" of one, and each person who pays for admission to the show will be entitled to purchase one. The post-office is optimistic as to the probable attendance, for an edition of 50,000 is being prepared. King Carol is Patron of the Exhibition, and is showing part of his collection, for he is a collector, although not so enthusiastic as his father, the late King Ferdinand.

There will be a wide popular demand for the new 15 kopecs stamp from Russia commemorating the forty years' literary activity of Maxim Gorky. Printed by photogravure in sepia, it bears a good portrait of the novelist, with his autograph below, "M. Pyeshkov," Gorky being his pen-name.

On Nov. 6, 1632 (Old Style), Gustavus Adolphus died on the battlefield of Lützen. Sweden is commemorating the tercentenary by the issue of four stamps, 10, 15, 25, and 50 öre, intaglio printed in the striking design by Professor Alte Hjörtsberg, the Director of the Royal Academy of Arts, Stockholm.



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SWEDEN: COMMEMORATING THE TERCENTENARY OF GUSTAVUS II. ADOLPHUS.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

AS there is to be no Commercial Motor Vehicle Show at Olympia this year, a large number of motor-omnibus, lorry and motor-van buyers, and owners of fleets of such vehicles, are visiting Glasgow, where the Scottish Motor Show is now open at the Kelvin Hall. This exhibition is a display of every kind of motor, from the small runabout car and diminutive delivery van to magnificent high-powered limousines, motor coaches, steam lorries, and goods-carrying vehicles of all descriptions.

A special feature of the Scottish Motor Show is the number of Diesel, semi-Diesel, and other types of compression-ignition commercial vehicles which are on view, as well as the ordinary petrol-using motors. This is particularly interesting from a national point of view, as all these are using heavy oil as fuel in place of the lighter motor spirits, especially as the French motor industry, backed by their own Government, are making and selling a large number of these types of heavy-oil-using vehicles. In fact, one of the leaders of the French automobile world told me at Olympia that the next time France goes to war, all motors, including private cars, will use oil in place of petrol. This statement was made to impress upon me that France had already solved her problems in regard to the compression-ignition engine for vehicles of all descriptions. The Kelvin Hall display shows the progress our British automobile engines have made in this direction.

Another notable novelty in regard to commercial vehicles is the adoption of fluid fly-wheel, pre-selector gears, and easy-changing gear ratio devices applied to the heavy motors. Thus on one stand the new Dennis patent automatic clutch and easy-change gear is displayed as a separate exhibit, besides the chassis on which it is applied. This system is operated by vacuum servo, electrically controlled, in conjunction with a dog-clutch at the rear of the gear-box.

The Dennis Lanceit chassis on which it is fitted is suitable for 32- to 35-seated single-deck bus bodies. There is also a 53-seated double-deck motor-bus (bought by the Leeds City Tramways) shown on this stand fitted with this gear, supporting evidence of the fact that it is a practical, tested, and approved job, and not merely a theoretical mechanical novelty.

**Car Wireless.** As this exhibition is attracting the attention of municipal authorities, due to the display of a great variety of vehicles suitable to city and country purposes—sanitary committees and the like—it is not surprising to find that wireless sets which are built in with the car, suitable for police as well as private vehicles, are to be found here. In America such wireless sets are a standard "extra" on many makes of cars, and are widely used in an adopted form by the U.S.A. police. These wireless receiving sets are entirely hidden, as the aerial is concealed in the roof of the saloon, the high tension battery is placed under the driver's seat, and both moving-coil loud speaker and receiver are fitted under the switch. Nothing indicates that there is wireless on

board save a neat illuminated tuning plate with its single knob to turn on the steering wheel or dashboard. This is fitted with a lock and key, so cannot be interfered with by outsiders if the car is left unattended when parked. One maker of these wireless sets claims that the designer has overcome the difficulties which hitherto have made wireless unusable when the car is in motion. It is styled the Transitone, and has special methods of insulation which have suppressed the noises generated by the electrical equipment on cars and the constant variation in volume. These faults in the past have usually made wireless receiving sets only usable when the engine is shut off. Besides the special insulation to cut out such interference with stations, this particular instrument is so designed as automatically to control the volume and keep it at the pitch set by the operator when switching on.

"British is Best."

An English motorist who has travelled 50,000 miles during an eighteen months' tour through the United States and Canada in his Rolls-Royce "Phantom II." car, writes me that he "found my own British car was a better Colonial model than any which I could buy in the U.S.A. or Canada." He went to America for adventure, and certainly he found it, as he had to cross deserts at top speed with the temperature 110 deg. F. in the shade, and at other times drive over passes when the thermometer showed 30 deg. below zero. In Montana and Wyoming he motored all day at altitudes twice that of the highest mountain in Great Britain, and several times crossed the Canadian and American "Rockies" at between 10,000 feet and 13,000 feet over roads so bad that Europe can only duplicate them in Turkey and Greece. So rough was the going that at one stage, he tells me, he debated in his mind whether he would buy a cheap American car specially built for knocking about on really bad roads. After a few months' experience in his own Rolls-Royce, however, he found it standing up to the hard usage much better than anything he could buy in America.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"WILD VIOLETS," AT DRURY LANE.

IT may interest readers to learn that in their efforts to achieve a replica of the dresses of the period 1900, Mr. Hassard Short and Mr. Desmond Carter, two of the authors, spent a good deal of time consulting *The Illustrated London News* of that year. The result has been worth the trouble. An observant lady noted with appreciation such details as lace-fronted lisle-thread stockings, though she suggested the pantaloons worn in some scenes dated back to the days of "Veronique." If there is little humour, there is some melodious music by Mr. Robert Stoltz, and one waltz number that should capture the town. The book is weak, but there is a certain charm in the story of the three young students who elope with three misses from a young ladies' seminary. Messrs. John Garrick, Esmond Knight, and Fred Conyngham make an ideal trio of students, their virile air and voices being a feature of their performance; while the Misses Adèle Dixon, Valerie Hay, and Myrtle Stewart are a charming "three little maids from school." Miss Charlotte Greenwood, a grotesque from the States, secured many laughs by her antics. Mr. Hassard Short's handling of the stage groups and the imagination of his lighting deserve high praise.

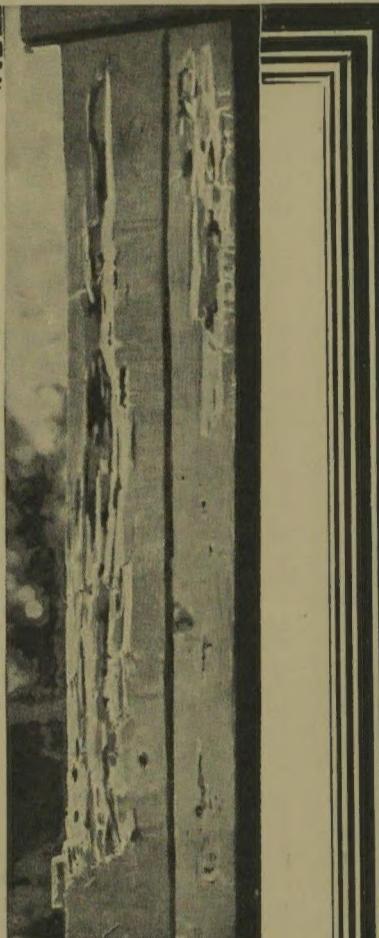
"THE BEAR DANCES."

The author of this play, the scene of which was laid in Soviet Russia, has confessed that he has never been to that country: which suggests he has a remarkable gift for creating atmosphere, for all the characters might have stepped straight out of the pages of a Russian novel. He was very fair, too; if he showed us the squalor and tyranny of Bolshevism, he also showed us the fanatical enthusiasm of many of its adherents. Two well-contrasted sisters were admirably played by Miss Olga Lindo and Miss Elena Miramova. Mr. Henry Hewitt gave a good performance as a naturalised Englishman horrified at the misery he finds on returning to his native land, and Mr. Gyles Isham made a fine figure as one of the Soviet leaders. The play was withdrawn on November 5.

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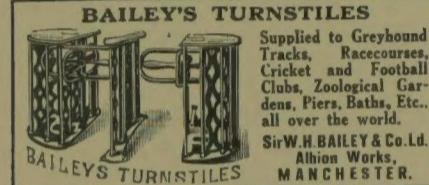
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# RUSSIA SHAKES HER WINGS



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I stopped and looked up from the Red Square in Moscow.

One, two, three planes of Soviet Russia's Red Air Force. One of them a giant four-motored bomber. The first that I had ever seen of Russia's Red Air Fleet, the least known of the "winged armies" of the world, more mysterious than the Red Army itself.

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